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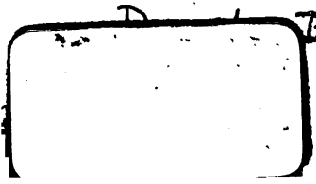

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EVENINGS AT HOME;

OR,

THE JUVENILE BUDGET

OPENED.

CONSISTING OF

A VARIETY OF MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

FOR

THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF

YOUNG PERSONS.

VOL. V.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, NO. 72, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

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CONTENTS

OF

THE FIFTH VOLUME.

	Page.
On Earths and Stones - -	1
The Wanderer's Return - -	35
The Dog and his Relations -	50
The Coſt of a War - - -	54
The Cruciform-Flowered Plants -	64
Generous Revenge - - -	76
True Heroiſm - - -	85
The Coloniſts - - -	91
The Travelled Ant - -	101
Show and Uſe, or the Two Preſents	116

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Humble

Page.

Humble Life - - - - 122

On Emblems - - - - 138

Ledyard's Praise of Women - 150

TWENTY-FIRST EVENING.

ON EARTHS AND STONES.

Tutor—George—Harry.

Harry. I WONDER what all this heap of ſtones is for.

George. I can tell you—It is for the lime-kiln; don't you ſee it juſt by?

H. O yes, I do. But what is to be done to them there?

G. Why, they are to be burned into lime; don't you know that?

H. But what is lime, and what are its uſes?

G. I can tell you, one; they lay it on the fields for manure. Don't you remember we ſaw a number of little heaps of it, that we took for

ſheep at a diſtance, and wondered they did not move. However, I believe we had better aſk our tutor about it. Will you pleaſe, Sir, to tell us ſomewhat about lime.

Tutor. Willingly. But ſuppoſe, as we talked about all ſorts of metals ſome time ago, I ſhould now give you a lecture about ſtones and earths of all kinds, which are equally valuable, and much more common, than metals.

G. Pray do, Sir.

H. I ſhall be very glad to hear it.

T. Well then. In the firſt place, the ground we tread upon, to as great a depth as it has been dug, conſiſts for the moſt part of matter of various appearance and hardneſs, called by the general name of *earths*. In common language, indeed, only the ſoft and powdery ſubſtances are ſo named, while the hard and ſolid are called *ſtone* or *rock*: but chymiſts uſe the ſame term for all; as, in fact, earth is only crumbled

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crumbled ſtone, and ſtone only conſolidated earth.

H. What!—has the mould of my garden ever been ſtone?

T. The black earth or mould which covers the ſurface wherever plants grow, conſiſts moſtly of parts of rotted vegetables, ſuch as ſtalks, leaves, and roots, mixed with ſand or looſe clay; but this only reaches a little way; and beneath it you always come to a bed of gravel, or clay, or ſtone of ſome kind. Now theſe earths and ſtones are diſtinguiſhed into ſeveral ſpecies, but principally into three, the properties of which make them uſeful to man for very different purpoſes, and are therefore very well worth knowing. As you began with aſking me about lime, I ſhall firſt mention that claſs of earths from which it is obtained. Theſe have derived their name of *calcareous* from this very circumſtance, *calx* being lime, in Latin; and lime is

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got

got from them all in the ſame way, by burning them in a ſtrong fire. There are many kinds of calcareous earths. One of them is *marble*; you know what that is?

G. O yes! Our parlour chimney-piece and hearth are marble.

H. And ſo are the monuments in the church.

T. True. There are various kinds of it; white, black, yellow, grey, mottled and veined with different colours; but all of them are hard and heavy ſtones, admitting a fine poliſh, on which account they are much uſed in ornamental works.

G. I think ſtatues are made of it.

T. Yes; and where it is plentiful, columns, and porticoes, and ſometimes whole buildings. Marble is the luxury of architecture.

H. Where does marble come from?

T. From a great many countries. Great Britain produces ſome, but

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moſtly

moſtly of inferior kinds. What we uſe chiefly comes from Italy. The Greek iſlands yield ſome fine ſorts. That of Paros is of ancient fame for whiteneſs and purity, and the fineſt antique ſtatues have been made of Parian marble.

H. I ſuppoſe black marble will not burn into white lime.

T. Yes, it will. A violent heat will expel moſt of the colouring matter of marbles, and make them white. *Chalk* is another kind of calcareous earth. This is of a much ſofter conſiſtence than marble; being eaſily cut with a knife, and marking things on which it is rubbed. It is found in great beds in the earth; and in ſome parts of England whole hills are compoſed of it.

G. Are chalk and whiting the ſame?

T. Whiting is made of the finer and purer particles of chalk waſhed

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out from the reſt, and then dried in lumps. This, you know, is quite ſoft and crumbly. There are, beſides, a great variety of ſtones in the earth, harder than chalk, but ſofter than marble, which will burn to lime, and are therefore called *limeſtones*. Theſe differ much in colour and other properties, and accordingly furniſh lime of different qualities. In general, the harder the limeſtone is, the firmer is the lime made from it. Whole ridges of mountains in various parts are compoſed of limeſtone, and it is found plentifully in moſt of the hilly countries of England, to the great advantage of the inhabitants.

G. Will not oyſter-ſhells burn into lime? I think I have heard of oyſter-ſhell lime.

T. They will; and this is another ſource of calcareous earth. The ſhells of all animals, both land and ſea, as oyſters, muſcles, cockles, crabs, lobſters,

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ſters, ſnails, and the like, and alſo egg-ſhells of all kinds, conſiſt of this earth; and ſo does coral, which is formed by inſects under the ſea, and is very abundant in ſome countries. Vaſt quantities of ſhells are often found deep in the earth in the midſt of chalk and limeſtone beds; whence ſome have ſuppoſed that all calcareous earth is originally an animal production.

H. But where could animals ever have lived to make mountains of their ſhells?

T. That, indeed, I cannot anſwer. But there are ſufficient proofs that our world muſt long have exiſted in a very different ſtate from the preſent. Well —but beſides theſe purer calcareous earths, it is very frequently found mingled in different proportions with other earths. Thus, *marle*, which is ſo much uſed in manuring land, and of which there are a great many kinds,

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all conſiſts of calcareous earth, united with clay and ſand; and the more of this earth it contains, the richer manure it generally makes.

G. Is there any way of diſcovering it when it is mixed in this manner with other things?

T. Yes—there is an eaſy and ſure method of diſcovering the ſmalleſt portion of it. All calcareous earth has the property of diſſolving in acids, and effervеſcing with them; that is, they bubble and hiſs when acids are poured upon them. You may readily try this at any time with a piece of chalk or an oyſter-ſhell.

G. I will pour ſome vinegar upon an oyſter ſhell as ſoon as I get home. But now I think of it, I have often done ſo in eating oyſters, and I never obſerved it to hiſs or bubble.

T. Vinegar is not an acid ſtrong enough to act upon a thing ſo ſolid as a ſhell. But aqua-fortis, or ſpirit

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of ſalt, will do it at once; and perſons who examine the nature of foſſils always travel with a bottle of one of theſe acids, by way of a teſt of calcareous earth. Your vinegar will anſwer with chalk or whiting. This property of diſſolving in acids, and what is called neutraliſing them, or taking away their ſourneſs, has cauſed many of the calcareous earths to be uſed in medicine. You know that ſometimes our food turns very ſour upon the ſtomach, and occaſions the pain called heart-burn, and other uneaſy ſymptoms. In theſe caſes it is common to give chalk, or powdered ſhells, or other things of this kind, which afford relief by deſtroying the acid.

G. I ſuppoſe, then, *magneſia* is ſomething of this ſort, for I have often ſeen it given to my little ſiſter when they ſaid her ſtomach was out of order.

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T. It is; but it has ſome peculiar properties which diſtinguiſh it from other calcareous earths, and particularly it will not burn to lime. Magneſia is an artificial production, got from one of the ingredients in ſea-water, called the bitter purging ſalt.

G. Pray what are the other uſes of theſe earths?

T. Such of them as are hard ſtone, as the marbles and many of the lime-ſtones, are uſed for the ſame purpoſes as other ſtones. But their great uſe is in the form of lime, which is a ſubſtance of many curious properties that I will now explain to you. When freſh burnt, it is called *quicklime*, on account of the heat and life, as it were, which it poſſeſſes. Have you ever ſeen a lump of it put into water?

G. Yes, I have.

T. Were you not much ſurpriſed to ſee it ſwell and crack to pieces, with

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with a hiſſing noiſe, and a great ſmoke and heat?

G. I was, indeed. But what is the cauſe of this?—how can cold water occaſion ſo much heat?

T. I will tell you. The ſtrong heat to which calcareous earth is expoſed in making it lime, expels all the water it contained (for all earths, as well as almoſt every thing elſe, naturally contain water), and alſo a quantity of air which was united with it. At the ſame time it imbibes a good deal of fire, which remains fixed in its ſubſtance, even after it has grown cool to the touch. If water be now added to this quicklime, it is drunk in again with ſuch rapidity, as to crack and break the lime to pieces. At the ſame time, moſt of the fire it had imbibed is driven out again, and makes itſelf ſenſible by its effects, burning all the things that it touches, and

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turning the water to ſteam. This operation is called *ſlacking* of lime. The water in which lime is ſlacked diſſolves a part of it, and acquires a very pungent harſh taſte: this is uſed in medicine under the name of lime-water. If, inſtead of ſoaking quicklime in water, it is expoſed for ſome time to the air, it attracts moiſture ſlowly, and by degrees falls to powder, without much heat or diſturbance. But whether lime be ſlacked in water or air, it does not at firſt return to the ſtate in which it was before, ſince it ſtill remains deprived of its air; and on that account is ſtill pungent and cauſtic. At length, however, it recovers this alſo from the atmoſphere, and is then calcareous earth as at firſt. Now, it is upon ſome of theſe circumſtances that the utility of lime depends. In the firſt place, its burning and corroding quality makes it uſeful to the tanner, in looſening all the hair from the

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the hides; and deſtroying the fleſh and fat that adhere to them. And ſo in various other trades it is uſed as a great cleanſer and purifier.

H. I have a thought come into my head. When it is laid upon the ground I ſuppoſe its uſe muſt be to burn up the weeds.

T. True—that is part of its uſe.

G. But it muſt burn up the good graſs and corn too.

T. Properly objected. But the caſe is, that the farmer does not ſow his ſeeds till the lime is rendered mild by expoſure to the air and weather, and is well mixed with the ſoil. And even then it is reckoned a hot and forcing manure, chiefly fit for cold and wet lands. The principal uſe of lime, however, is as an ingredient in *mortar*. This, you know, is the cement by which bricks and ſtones are held together in building. It is made of freſh ſlaked lime and a proportion

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of ſand well mixed together; and generally ſome chopped hair is put into it. The lime binds with the other ingredients; and in length of time, the mortar, if well made, becomes as hard or harder than ſtone itſelf.

G. I have heard of the mortar in very old buildings being harder and ſtronger than any made at preſent.

T. That is only on account of its age. Burning lime and making mortar are as well underſtood now as ever; but in order to have it excellent, the lime ſhould be of a good quality, and uſed very freſh. Some ſorts of lime have the property of making mortar which will harden under water, whence it is much valued for bridges, locks, wharfs, and the like.

G. Pray is not plaſter of Paris a kind of lime? I know it will become hard by only mixing water with it, for I have uſed it to make caſts of.

T. The powder you call plaſter of Paris

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Paris is made of an earth named *gypſum*, of which there are ſeveral kinds. *Alabaſter* is a ſtone of this ſort, and hard enough to be uſed like marble. The gypſeous earths are of the calcareous kind, but they have naturally a portion of acid united with them, whence they will not effervesce on having acid poured on them. But they are diſtinguiſhed by the property, that after being calcined or burned in the fire, and reduced to powder, they will ſet into a ſolid body by the addition of water alone. This makes them very uſeful for ornamental plaſters, that are to receive a form or impreſſion, ſuch as the ſtucco for the ceilings of rooms.

Well—we have ſaid enough about calcareous earths; now to another claſs, the *Argillaceous*.

G. I think I know what thoſe are. *Argilla* is Latin for *clay*.

T. True; and they are alſo called

clayey

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clayey earths. In general, these earths are of a soft texture and a sort of greasy feel; but they are peculiarly distinguished by the property of becoming sticky on being tempered with water, so that they may be drawn out, and worked into form like a paste. Have you ever, when you were a little boy, made a clay house?

G. Yes, I have.

T. Then you well know the manner in which clay is tempered, and worked for this purpose.

H. Yes—and I remember helping to make little pots and mugs of clay.

T. Then you imitated the potter's trade; for all utensils of earthen ware are made of clays either pure or mixed. This is one of the oldest arts among mankind, and one of the most useful. They furnish materials for building, too; for bricks and tiles are made of these earths. But in order to be fit for these purposes, it is necessary that clay

should

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ſhould not only be ſoft and ductile while it is forming, but capable of being hardened afterwards. And this it is, by the aſſiſtance of fire. Pottery ware and bricks are burned with a ſtrong heat in kilns, by which they acquire a hardneſs equal to that of the hardeſt ſtones.

G. I think I have read of bricks being baked by the ſun's heat alone in very hot countries.

T. True; and they may ſerve for building in climates where rain ſcarcely ever falls; but heavy ſhowers would waſh them away. Fire ſeems to change the nature of clays; for after they have undergone its operation, they become incapable of returning again to a ſoft and ductile ſtate. You might ſteep brick duſt or pounded pots in water ever ſo long without making it hold together in the leaſt.

G. I ſuppoſe there are many kinds of clays.

T. There

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T. There are. Argillaceous earths differ greatly from each other in colour, purity, and other qualities. Some are perfectly white, as that of which tobacco-pipes are made. Others are blue, brown, yellow, and in short of all hues, which they owe to mixtures of other earths or metals. Those which burn red contain a portion of iron. No clays are found perfectly pure; but they are mixed with more or less of other earths. The common brick clays contain a large proportion of sand, which often makes them crumbly and perishable. In general, the finest earthen-ware is made of the purest and whitest clays; but other matters are mixed in order to harden and strengthen them. Thus *porcelain*, or *china*, is made with a clayey earth mixed with a stone of a vitrifiable nature, that is, which may be melted into glass; and the fine pottery called *queen's-ware* is a mixture of tobacco-

pipe

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pipe clay, and flints burned and powdered. Common *ſtone-ware* is a coarſe mixture of this ſort. Some ſpecies of pottery are made with mixtures of burned and unburned clay; the former, as I told you before, being incapable of becoming ſoft again with water like a natural clay.

H. Are clays of no other uſe than to make pottery of?

T. Yes—the richeſt ſoils are thoſe which have a proportion of clay; and marl, which I have already mentioned as a manure, generally contains a good deal of it. Then, clay has the property of abſorbing oil or greaſe, whence ſome kinds of it are uſed like ſoap for cleaning cloaths. The ſubſtance called *Fuller's earth* is a mixed earth of the argillaceous kind; and its uſe in taking out the oil which naturally adheres to wool is ſo great, that it has been one cauſe of the ſuperiority of our woollen cloths.

H. Then

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H. Then I ſuppoſe it is found in England.

T. Yes. There are pits of the beſt kind of it near Woburn in Bedfordſhire. A clayey ſtone called ſoap rock has exactly the feel and look of ſoap, and will even lather with water. The different kinds of ſlate, too, are ſtones of the argillaceous claſs; and very uſeful ones, for covering houſes, and other purpoſes.

H. Are writing-ſlates like the ſlates uſed for covering houſes?

T. Yes; but their ſuperior blackneſs and ſmoothneſs make them ſhow better the marks of the pencil.

G. You have mentioned ſomething of ſand and flints, but you have not told us what ſort of earths they are.

T. I reſerved that till I ſpoke of the third great claſs of earths. This is the *ſiliceous* claſs, ſo named from *ſilex*, which is Latin for a flint-ſtone. They have alſo been called *vitrifiable* earths, becauſe

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becauſe they are the principal ingredient in glaſs, named in Latin *vitrum*.

G. I have heard of flint glaſs.

T. Yes—but neither flint, nor any other of the kind will make glaſs, even by the ſtrongeſt heat, without ſome addition; but this we will ſpeak of by and bye. I ſhall now tell you the principal properties of theſe earths. They are all very hard, and will ſtrike fire with ſteel, when in a maſs large enough for the ſtroke. They moſtly run into particular ſhapes, with ſharp angles and points, and have a certain degree of tranſparency; which has made them alſo be called *cryſtalline* earths. They do not in the leaſt ſoften with water, like clays; nor are they affected by acids, nor do they burn to lime, like the calcareous earths. As to the different kinds of them, *flint* has already been mentioned. It is a very common production in ſome parts, and is generally met

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with in pebbles or round lumps. What is called the *ſhingle* on the ſea-ſhore chiefly conſiſts of it; and the ploughed fields in ſome places are almoſt entirely covered with flint-ſtones.

H. But do they not hinder the corn from growing?

T. The corn, to be ſure, cannot take root upon them; but I believe it has been found that the protection they afford to the young plants which grow under them, is more than equal to the harm they do by taking up room. Flints are alſo frequently found imbedded in chalk under the ground. Thoſe uſed in the Staffordſhire potteries chiefly come from the chalk-pits near Graveſend. So much for flints. You have ſeen white pebbles, which are ſemi-tranſparent, and when broken, reſemble white ſugar-candy. They are common on the ſea-ſhore, and beds of rivers.

H. O, yes. We call them fire-

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ſtones. When they are rubbed together in the dark they ſend out great flaſhes of light, and have a particular ſmell.

T. True. The proper name of theſe is *quartz*. It is found in large quantities in the earth, and ores of metals are often imbedded in it. Sometimes it is perfectly tranſparent, and then it is called *cryſtal*. Some of theſe cryſtals ſhoot into exact mathematical figures; and becauſe many ſalts do the ſame, and are alſo tranſparent, they are called the *cryſtals* of ſuch or ſuch a ſalt.

G. Is not fine glaſs called cryſtal, too?

T. It is called ſo by way of ſimile: thus we ſay of a thing, "it is as clear as cryſtal." But the only true cryſtal is an earth of the kind I have been deſcribing. Well — now we come to *ſand*; for this is properly only quartz in a powdery ſtate. If you

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examine

examine the grains of ſand ſingly, or look at them with a magnifying glaſs, you will find them all either entirely or partly tranſparent; and in ſome of the white ſhining ſands the grains are all little bright cryſtals.

H. But moſt ſand is brown or yellowiſh.

T. That is owing to ſome mixture, generally of the metallic kind. I believe I once told you that all ſands were ſuppoſed to contain a ſmall portion of gold. It is more certain that many of them contain iron.

G. But what could have brought this quartz and cryſtal into powder, ſo as to have produced all the ſand in the world?

T. That is not very eaſy to determine. On the ſea-ſhore, however, the inceſſant rolling of the pebbles by the waves is enough in time to grind them to powder; and there is reaſon to believe that the greateſt part of

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what

what is now dry land, was once ſea, which may account for the vaſt beds of ſand met with inland.

G. I have ſeen ſome ſtone ſo ſoft that one might crumble it between ones fingers, and then it ſeemed to turn to ſand.

T. There are ſeveral of this kind, more or leſs ſolid, which are chiefly compoſed of ſand conglutinated by ſome natural cement. Such are called *ſand-ſtone*, or *freeſtone*; and are uſed for various purpoſes, in building, making grindſtones, and the like, according to their hardneſs.

H. Pray what are the common pebbles that the ſtreets are paved with? I am ſure they ſtrike fire enough with the horſe's ſhoes.

T. They are ſtones of the ſiliceous kind, either pure or mixed with other earths. One of the hardeſt and beſt for this purpoſe is called *granite*, which is of various kinds and colours,

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but always consists of grains of different siliceous earths cemented together. The streets of London are paved with granite, brought from Scotland. In some other stones, these bits of different earths dispersed through the cement are so large, as to look like plums in a pudding; whence they have obtained the name of *pudding-stones.*

G. I think there is a kind of stones that you have not yet mentioned—precious stones.

T. These, too, are all of the siliceous class;—from the opake or half-transparent, as agate, jasper, cornelian, and the like, to the perfectly clear and brilliant ones, as ruby, emerald, topaz, sapphire, &c.

G. Diamond, no doubt, is one of them.

T. So it has commonly been reckoned, and the purest of all; but some late experiments have shewn, that though

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though it is the hardeſt body in nature, it may be totally diſperſed into ſmoke and flame by a ſtrong fire; ſo that mineralogiſts will now hardly allow it to be a ſtone at all, but claſs it among inflammable ſubſtances. The precious ſtones above mentioned owe their different colours chiefly to ſome metallic mixture. They are in general extremely hard, ſo as to cut glaſs, and one another; but diamond will cut all the reſt.

G. I ſuppoſe they muſt be very rare.

T. Yes; and in this rarity conſiſts the greateſt part of their value. They are, indeed, beautiful objects; but the figure they make in proportion to their expence is ſo very ſmall, that their high price may be reckoned one of the principal follies among mankind. What proportion can there poſſibly be between the worth of a glittering ſtone as big as a hazel-nut, and

a magnificent houſe and gardens, or a large tract of country, covered with noble woods and rich meadows and corn fields? And as to the mere glitter, a large luſtre of cut glaſs has an infinitely greater effect on the eye than all the jewels of a ſovereign prince.

G. Will you pleaſe to tell us now how glaſs is made?

T. Willingly. The baſe of it is, as I ſaid before, ſome earth of the ſiliceous claſs. Thoſe commonly uſed are flint and ſand. Flint is firſt burned or calcined, which makes it quite white, like enamel; and it is then powdered. This is the material ſometimes uſed for ſome very white glaſſes; but ſand is that commonly preferred, as being already in a powdery form. The white cryſtalline ſands are uſed for fine glaſs; the brown or yellow for the common ſort. As theſe earths will not melt by themſelves, the addition in making glaſs is ſomewhat that promotes

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promotes their fuſion. Various things will do this; but what is generally uſed is an alkaline ſalt, obtained from the aſhes of burnt vegetables. Of this there are ſeveral kinds, as pot-aſh, pearl-aſh, barilla, and kelp. The ſalt is mixed with the ſand in a certain proportion, and the mixture then expoſed in earthen pots to a violent heat, till it is thoroughly melted. The maſs is then taken while hot and fluid, in ſuch quantities as are wanted, and faſhioned by blowing and the uſe of ſheers and other inſtruments. You muſt ſee this done, ſome time, for it is one of the moſt curious and pleaſing of all manufactures; and it is not poſſible to form an idea of the eaſe and dexterity with which glaſs is wrought, without an actual view.

H. I ſhould like very much to ſee it, indeed.

G. Where is glaſs made, in this country?

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T. In many places. Some of the fineſt, in London; but the coarſer kinds generally where coals are cheap; as at Newcaſtle and its neighbourhood, in Lancaſhire, at Stourbridge, Briſtol, and South Wales. I ſhould have told you, however, that in our fineſt and moſt brilliant glaſs, a quantity of the calx of lead is put, which vitrifies with the other ingredients, and gives the glaſs more firmneſs and denſity. The blue, yellow and red glaſſes are coloured with the calxes of other metals. As to the common green glaſs, it is made with an alkali that has a good deal of calcareous earth remaining with the aſhes of the plant. But to underſtand all the different circumſtances of glaſs making, one muſt have a thorough knowledge of chymiſtry.

G. I think making of glaſs is one of the fineſt inventions of human ſkill.

T. It

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T. It is perhaps not of that capital importance that ſome other arts poſſeſs; but it has been a great addition to the comfort and pleaſure of life in many ways. Nothing makes ſuch clean and agreeable veſſels as glaſs, which has the quality of not being corroded by any kind of liquor, as well as that of ſhowing its contents by its tranſparency. Hence it is greatly preferable to the moſt precious metals for drinking out of; and for the ſame reaſons it is preferred to every other material for chymical utenſils, where the heat to be employed is not ſtrong enough to melt it.

H. Then, glaſs windows!

T. Aye; that is a moſt material comfort in a climate like ours, where we ſo often wiſh to let in the light, and keep out the cold wind and rain. What could be more gloomy than to ſit in the dark, or with no other light than came in through ſmall holes co-

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vered with oiled paper or bladder, unable to see any thing passing without doors! Yet this must have been the case with the most sumptuous palaces before the invention of window-glass, which was a good deal later than that of bottles and drinking glasses.

H. I think looking-glasses are very beautiful.

T. They are indeed very elegant pieces of furniture, and very costly too. The art of casting glass into large plates, big enough to reach almost from the bottom to the top of a room, is but lately introduced into this country from France. But the most splendid and brilliant manner of employing glass is in lustres and chandeliers, hung round with drops cut so as to reflect the light with all the colours of the rainbow. Some of the shops in London, filled with these articles, appear to realize all the wonders

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ders of an enchanted palace in the Arabian Nights Entertainments.

G. But are not ſpectacles and ſpying glaſſes more uſeful than all theſe?

T. I did not mean to paſs them over, I aſſure you. By the curious invention of optical glaſſes of various kinds, not only the natural defects of the ſight have been remedied, and old-age has been in ſome meaſure lightened of one of its calamities, but the ſenſe of ſeeing has been wonderfully extended. The teleſcope has brought diſtant objects within our view, while the microſcope has given us a clear ſurvey of near objects too minute for our unaſſiſted eyes. By means of both, ſome of the brighteſt diſcoveries of the moderns have been made; ſo that glaſs has proved not leſs admirable in promoting ſcience, than in contributing to ſplendour and convenience. Well—I don't know that I have any thing more at preſent

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to say relative to the class of earths. We have gone through the principal circumstances belonging to their three great divisions, the *calcareous*, *argillaceous*, and *siliceous*. You will remember, however, that most of the earths and stones offered by nature are not any one of these kinds perfectly pure, but contain a mixture of one or both the others. There is not a pebble that you can pick up which would not exercise the skill of a mineralogist fully to ascertain its properties, and the materials of its composition. So inexhaustible is nature!

TWENTY-SECOND EVENING.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

It was a delightful evening about the end of Auguſt. The ſun ſetting in a pure ſky illuminated the tops of the weſtern hills, and tipped the oppoſite trees with a yellow luſtre.

A traveller, with ſun-burnt cheeks and duſty feet, ſtrong and active, having a knapſack at his back, had gained the ſummit of a ſteep aſcent, and ſtood gazing on the plain below.

This was a wide tract of champaign country, chequered with villages, whoſe towers and ſpires peeped above the trees in which they were emboſomed. The ſpace between them was chiefly arable land, from which the laſt products of harveſt were buſily carrying away.

 A rivulet

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A rivulet winded through the plain, its courſe marked with grey willows. On its banks were verdant meadows, covered with lowing herds, moving ſlowly to the milkmaids, who came tripping along with pails on their heads. A thick wood cloathed the ſide of a gentle eminence riſing from the water, crowned with the ruins of an ancient caſtle.

Edward (that was the traveller's name) dropt on one knee, and claſping his hands, exclaimed, "Welcome, welcome, my dear native land! Many a ſweet ſpot have I ſeen ſince I left thee, but none ſo ſweet as thou! Never has thy dear image been out of my memory; and now, with what tranſport do I retrace all thy charms. O receive me again, never more to quit thee!" So ſaying, he threw himſelf on the turf, and having kiſſed it, roſe and proceeded on his journey.

As he deſcended into the plain, he

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he overtook a little group of children, merrily walking along the path, and ſtopping now and then to gather berries in the hedge.

"Where are you going, my dears?" ſaid Edward.

"We are going home," they all replied.

"And where is that?"

"Why, to Summerton, that town there among the trees, juſt before us. Don't you ſee it?"

"I ſee it well," anſwered Edward, the tear ſtanding in his eye.

"And what is your name—and yours—and yours?"

The little innocents told their names. Edward's heart leaped at the well-known ſounds.

"And what is *your* name, my dear?" ſaid he to a pretty girl, ſomewhat older than the reſt, who hung back ſhyly, and held the hand of a ruddy white-headed boy, juſt breeched.

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"It is Roſe Walſingham, and this is my youngeſt brother, Roger."

"*Walſingham!*" Edward claſped the girl round the neck, and ſurpriſed her with two or three very cloſe kiſſes. He then lifted up little Roger, and almoſt devoured him. Roger ſeemed as if he wanted to be ſet down again, but Edward told him he would carry him home.

"And can you ſhow me the houſe you live at, Roſe?" ſaid Edward.

"Yes—it is juſt there, beſide the pond, with the great barn before it, and the orchard behind."

"And will you take me home with you, Roſe?"

"If you pleaſe," anſwered Roſe, heſitatingly.

They walked on. Edward ſaid but little, for his heart was full, but he frequently kiſſed little Roger.

Coming at length to a ſtile, from which a path led acroſs a little cloſe,

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"This is the way to our house," said Rose.

The other children parted. Edward set down Roger, and got over the stile. He still, however, kept hold of the boy's hand. He trembled, and looked wildly around him.

When they approached the house, an old mastiff came running to meet the children. He looked up at Edward rather sourly, and gave a little growl; when all at once his countenance changed; he leaped upon him, licked his hand, wagged his tail, murmured in a soft voice, and seemed quite overcome with joy. Edward stooped down, patted his head, and cried, "poor Captain, what, are you alive yet?" Rose was surprised that the stranger and their dog should know one another.

They all entered the house together. A good-looking middle-aged woman was busied in preparing articles of

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cookery,

cookery, assisted by her grown-up daughter. She spoke to the children as they came in, and casting a look of some surprise on Edward, asked him what his business was.

Edward was some time silent; at length with a faultering voice he cried, "Have you forgot me, mother?"

"Edward! my son Edward!" exclaimed the good woman. And they were instantly locked in each others arms.

"My brother Edward?" said Molly; and took her turn for an embrace as soon as her mother gave her room.

"Are you my brother?" said Rose. "That I am," replied Edward with another kiss. Little Roger looked hard at him, but said nothing.

News of Edward's arrival soon flew across the yard, and in came from the barn his father, his next brother Thomas, and the third, William. The

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father fell on his neck, and ſobbed out his welcome and bleſſing. Edward had not hands enow for them all to ſhake.

An aged white headed labourer came in, and held out his ſhrivelled hand. Edward gave it a hearty ſqueeze. "God bleſs you," ſaid old Iſaac; "this is the beſt day I have ſeen this many a year."

"And where have you been this long while?" cried the father.—"Eight years and more," added the mother.

His elder brother took off his knapſack; and Molly drew him a chair. Edward ſeated himſelf, and they all gathered round him. The old dog got within the circle, and lay at his feet.

"O, how glad I am to ſee you all again!" were Edward's firſt words. "How well you look, mother! but father's grown thinner. As for the reſt,

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reſt, I ſhould have known none of you, unleſs it were Thomas and old Iſaac."

"What a ſun-burnt face you have got!—but you look brave and hearty," cried his mother.

"Ay, mother, I have been enough in the ſun, I aſſure you. From ſeventeen to five and twenty I have been a wanderer upon the face of the earth, and I have ſeen more in that time than moſt men in the courſe of their lives.

"Our young landlord, you know, took ſuch a liking to me at ſchool, that he would have me go with him on his travels. We went through moſt of the countries of Europe, and at laſt to Naples, where my poor maſter took a fever and died. I never knew what grief was till then; and I believe the thoughts of leaving me in a ſtrange country went as much to his heart as his illneſs. An intimate acquaintance of his, a rich young Weſt

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Indian,

Indian, seeing my distress, engaged me to go with him in a voyage he was about to take to Jamaica. We were too short a time in England before we sailed, for me to come and see you first, but I wrote you a letter from the Downs."

"We never received it," said his father.

"That was a pity," returned Edward; "for you must have concluded I was either dead, or had forgotten you. Well—we arrived safe in the West Indies, and there I staid till I had buried that master too; for young men die fast in that country. I was very well treated, but I could never like the place; and yet Jamaica is a very fine island, and has many good people in it. But for me, used to see freemen work cheerfully along with their masters—to behold nothing but droves of black slaves in the fields, toiling in the burning sun under the constant dread

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dread of the laſh of hard-hearted taſk-maſters;—it was what I could not bring myſelf to bear; and though I might have been made an overſeer of a plantation, I choſe rather to live in a town, and follow ſome domeſtic occupation. I could ſoon have got rich here; but I fell into a bad ſtate of health, and people were dying all round me of the yellow fever; ſo I collected my little property, and though a war had broke out, I ventured to embark with it for England.

"The ſhip was taken and carried into the Havanna, and I loſt my all, and my liberty beſides. However, I had the good fortune to ingratiate myſelf with a Spaniſh merchant whom I had known at Jamaica, and he took me with him to the continent of South America. I viſited great part of this country, once poſſeſſed by flouriſhing and independent nations, but now groaning under the ſevere yoke of their

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"Here I saw a delightful country, swarming with industrious inhabitants, some cultivating the land, others employed in manufactures, but of so gentle and effeminate a disposition, that they have always fallen under the yoke of their invaders. Here how was I forced to blush for my countrymen, whose avarice and rapacity so often have laid waste this fair land, and brought on it all the horrors of famine and defolation! I have seen human creatures quarrelling like dogs for bare bones thrown upon a dunghill. I have seen fathers selling their families for a little rice, and mothers entreating strangers to take their children for slaves that they might not die of hunger. In the midst of such scenes, I saw pomp and luxury of which our country affords no examples.

"Having remained here a considerable time, I gladly at length set

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my face homewards, and joined a company who undertook the long and perilous journey to Europe over land. We croſſed vaſt tracts, both deſart and cultivated; ſandy plains parched with heat and drought, and infeſted with bands of ferocious plunderers. I have ſeen a well of muddy water more valued than ten camel-loads of treaſure; and a few half-naked horſemen ſtrike more terror than a king with all his guards. At length, after numberleſs hardſhips and dangers, we arrived at civilized Europe, and forgot all we had ſuffered. As I came nearer my native land, I grew more and more impatient to reach it; and when I had ſet foot on it, I was ſtill more reſtleſs till I could ſee again my beloved home.

"Here I am at laſt—happy in bringing back a ſound conſtitution and a clear conſcience. I have alſo brought enough of the relicks of my honeſt

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honeſt gains to furniſh a little farm in the neighbourhood, where I mean to ſit down, and ſpend my days in the midſt of thoſe whom I love better than all the world beſides."

When Edward had finiſhed, kiſſes and kind ſhakes of the hand were again repeated, and his mother brought out a large ſlice of harveſt cake, with a bottle of her niceſt currant wine, to refreſh him after his day's march. "You are come," ſaid his father, "at a lucky time, for this is our harveſt ſupper. We ſhall have ſome of our neighbours to make merry with us, who will be almoſt as glad to ſee you as we are—for you were always a favourite among them."

It was not long before the viſitors arrived. The young folks ran to meet them, crying, "Our Edward's come back—Our Edward's come home! Here he is—this is he;" and ſo, without ceremony, they introduced them.

Welcome! — welcome! — God bleſs you!" ſounded on all ſides. Edward knew all the elderly ones at firſt ſight, but the young people puzzled him for a while. At length he recollected this to have been his ſchoolfellow, and that, his companion in driving plough; and he was not long in finding out his favourite and playfellow Sally, of the next farm-houſe, whom he left a romping girl of fifteen, and now ſaw a blooming full-formed young woman of three and twenty. He contrived in the evening to get next her; and though ſhe was ſomewhat reſerved at firſt, they had pretty well renewed their intimacy before the company broke up.

"Health to Edward, and a happy ſettlement among us," was the parting toaſt. When all were retired, the *Returned Wanderer* went to reſt in the very room in which he was born,

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having firſt paid fervent thanks to heaven for preſerving him to enjoy a bleſſing the deareſt to his heart.

THE DOG AND HIS RELATIONS.

KEEPER was a farmer's maſtiff, honeſt, brave, and vigilant. One day, as he was ranging at ſome diſtance from home, he eſpied a Wolf and Fox ſitting together at the corner of a wood. *Keeper*, not much liking their looks, though by no means fearing them, was turning another way, when they called after him, and civilly deſired him to ſtay. "Surely, Sir, (ſays *Reynard*), you won't diſown your relations. My couſin *Ghaunt* and I were juſt talking over family matters, and we both agreed that we had the honour of reckoning you among our kin. You muſt know, that

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that according to the beſt accounts, the wolves and dogs were originally one race in the foreſts of Armenia; but the dogs, taking to living with man, have ſince become inhabitants of towns and villages, while the wolves have retained their ancient mode of life. As to my anceſtors, the foxes, they were a branch of the ſame family who ſettled farther northwards, where they became ſtinted in their growth, and adopted the cuſtom of living in holes under ground. The cold has ſharpened our noſes, and given us a thicker fur and buſhy tails to keep us warm. But we have all a family likeneſs which it is impoſſible to miſtake; and I am ſure it is our intereſt to be good friends with each other."

The wolf was of the ſame opinion; and *Keeper*, looking narrowly at them, could not help acknowledging their relationſhip. As he had a generous heart, he readily entered into friend-

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ſhip

ſhip with them. They took a ramble together; but *Keeper* was rather ſurprized at obſerving the ſuſpicious ſhyneſs with which ſome of the weaker ſort of animals ſurveyed them, and wondered at the haſty flight of a flock of ſheep as ſoon as they came within view. However, he gave his couſins a cordial invitation to come and ſee him at his yard, and then took his leave.

They did not fail to come the next day about duſk. *Keeper* received them kindly, and treated them with part of his own ſupper. They ſtaid with him till after dark, and then marched off with many compliments. The next morning, word was brought to the farm that a gooſe and three goſlings were miſſing, and that a couple of lambs were found almoſt devoured in the home-field. *Keeper* was too honeſt himſelf readily to ſuſpect others, ſo he never thought of his kinſmen on

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the occasion. Soon after, they paid him a second evening visit, and next day another loss appeared, of a hen and her chickens, and a fat sheep. Now *Keeper* could not help mistrusting a little, and blamed himself for admitting strangers without his master's knowledge. However, he still did not love to think ill of his own relations.

They came a third time. *Keeper* received them rather coldly, and hinted that he should like better to see them in the day-time; but they excused themselves for want of leisure. When they took their leaves, he resolved to follow at some distance and watch their motions. A litter of young pigs happened to be lying under a hay-stack without the yard. The wolf seized one by the back, and ran off with him. The pig set up a most dismal squeal; and *Keeper* running up at the noise, caught his dear cousin in the fact. He flew at him, and made

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him relinquish his prey, though not without much snarling and growling. The fox, who had been prowling about the hen-roost, now came up, and began to make protestations of his own innocence, with heavy reproaches against the wolf for thus disgracing the family. "Begone, scoundrels both! (cried *Keeper*) I know you now too well. You may be of my blood, but I am sure you are not of my spirit. *Keeper* holds no kindred with villains." So saying, he drove them from the premises.

THE COST OF A WAR.

You may remember, Oswald, (said Mr. B. to his son) that I gave you, some time ago, a notion of *the price of a victory* to the poor souls engaged in it.

I shall not soon forget it, I assure you, Sir, (replied Oswald.)

Father.

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Father. Very well. I mean now to give you some idea of *the cost of a war* to the people among whom it is carried on. This may serve to abate something of the admiration with which historians are too apt to inspire us for great warriors and conquerors. You have heard, I doubt not, of Louis the fourteenth, king of France.

Of. O yes!

F. He was entitled by his subjects *Louis le Grand*, and was compared by them to the Alexanders and Cæsars of antiquity; and with some justice, as to the extent of his power, and the use he made of it. He was the most potent prince of his time; commanded mighty and victorious armies; and enlarged the limits of his hereditary dominions. Louis was not naturally a hard-hearted man; but having been taught from his cradle that every thing ought to give way to the interests of his glory, and that this glory consisted

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in domineering over his neighbours, and making conquests, he grew to be insensible to all the miseries brought on his own and other people in pursuit of this noble design, as he thought it. Moreover, he was plunged in dissolute pleasures, and the delights of pomp and splendor, from his youth; and he was ever surrounded by a tribe of abject flatterers, who made him believe that he had a full right in all cases to do as he pleased. Conquest abroad and pleasure at home were therefore the chief business of his life.

One evening, his minister, Louvois, came to him, and said, "Sire, it is absolutely necessary to make a desart of the *Palatinate*."

This is a country in Germany, on the banks of the Rhine, one of the most populous and best cultivated districts in that empire, filled with towns and villages, and industrious inhabitants.

"I should

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"I ſhould be ſorry to do it (replied the king), for you know how much odium we acquired throughout Europe when a part of it was laid waſte ſome time ago, under Marſhal Turenne."

"It cannot be helped, Sire, (returned Louvois.) All the damage he did has been repaired, and the country is as flouriſhing as ever. If we leave it in its preſent ſtate, it will afford quarters to your majeſty's enemies, and endanger your conqueſts. It muſt be entirely ruined—the good of the ſervice will not permit it to be otherwiſe."

"Well, then, (anſwered Louis) if it muſt be ſo, you are to give orders accordingly." So ſaying, he left the cabinet, and went to aſſiſt at a magnificent feſtival given in honour of his favourite miſtreſs by a prince of the blood.

The pitileſs Louvois loſt no time; but diſpatched a courier that very night, with poſitive orders to the

French generals in the Palatinate to carry fire and desolation through the whole country—not to leave a house nor a tree standing—and to expel all the inhabitants.

It was the midst of a rigorous winter.

Of. O horrible! But surely the generals would not obey such orders.

F. What! a general disobey the commands of his sovereign! that would be contrary to every maxim of the *trade*. Right and wrong are no considerations to a military man. He is only to do as he is bid. The French generals, who were upon the spot, and must see with their own eyes all that was done, probably felt somewhat like men on the occasion; but the sacrifice to their duty as soldiers was so much the greater. The commands were peremptory, and they were obeyed to a tittle. Towns and villages were burnt to the ground: vineyards and orchards

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were cut down and rooted up: ſheep and cattle were killed: all the fair works of ages were deſtroyed in a moment; and the ſmiling face of culture was turned to a dreary waſte.

The poor inhabitants were driven from their warm and comfortable habitations into the open fields, to confront all the inclemencies of the ſeaſon. Their furniture was burnt or pillaged, and nothing was left them but the clothes on their backs, and the few neceſſaries they could carry with them. The roads were covered with trembling fugitives, going they knew not whither, ſhivering with cold, and pinched with hunger.—Here an old man, dropping with fatigue, lay down to die—there a woman with a new-born infant ſunk periſhing on the ſnow, while her huſband hung over them in all the horror of deſpair.

Of. O, what a ſcene! Poor creatures! what became of them at laſt?

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F. Such of them as did not perish on the road, got to the neighbouring towns, where they were received with all the hospitality that such calamitous times would afford; but they were beggared for life. Meantime, their country for many a league round displayed no other sight than that of black smoking ruins in the midst of silence and desolation.

Of. I hope, however, that such things do not often happen in war.

F. Not often, perhaps, to the same extent; but in some degree they must take place in every war. A village which would afford a favourable post to the enemy is always burnt without hesitation. A country which can no longer be maintained, is cleared of all its provision and forage before it is abandoned, lest the enemy should have the advantage of them; and the poor inhabitants are left to subsist as they can. Crops of corn are trampled down by

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armies

armies in their march, or devoured while green as fodder for the horſes. Pillage, robbery, and murder, are always going on in the out-ſkirts of the beſt diſciplined camp. Then, conſider what muſt happen in every ſiege. On the firſt approach of the enemy, all the buildings in the ſuburbs of a town, are demoliſhed, and all the trees in gardens and public walks are cut down, leſt they ſhould afford ſhelter to the beſiegers. As the ſiege goes on, bombs, hot balls, and cannon-ſhot, are continually flying about, by which the greateſt part of a town is ruined or laid in aſhes, and many of the innocent people killed and maimed. If the reſiſtance is obſtinate, famine and peſtilence are ſure to take place; and if the garriſon holds out to the laſt, and the town is taken by ſtorm, it is generally given up to be pillaged by the enraged and licentious ſoldiery.

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It would be eaſy to bring too many examples of cruelty exerciſed upon a conquered country, even in very late times, when war is ſaid to be carried on with ſo much humanity; but, indeed, how can it be otherwiſe? The art of war is eſſentially that of deſtruction, and it is impoſſible there ſhould be a mild and merciful way of murdering and ruining one's fellow-creatures. Soldiers, as men, are often humane, but war muſt ever be cruel. Though Homer has filled his Iliad with the exploits of fighting heroes, yet he makes Jupiter addreſs Mars, the God of War, in terms of the utmoſt abhorrence.

Of all the Gods who tread the ſpangled ſkies,
Thou moſt unjuſt, moſt odious in our eyes!
Inhuman diſcord is thy dire delight,
The waſte of ſlaughter, and the rage of fight;
No bound, no law thy fiery temper quells.

POPE.

Of. Surely, as war is ſo bad a thing, there

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there might be ſome way of preventing it.

F. Alas! I fear mankind have been too long accuſtomed to it, and it is too agreeable to their bad paſſions, eaſily to be laid aſide, whatever miſeries it may bring upon them. But in the mean time let us correct our own ideas of the matter, and no longer laviſh admiration upon ſuch a peſt of the human race as a *Conqueror*, how brilliant ſoever his qualities may be; nor ever think that a profeſſion which binds a man to be the ſervile inſtrument of cruelty and injuſtice, is an *honourable* calling.

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TWENTY-THIRD EVENING.

THE CRUCIFORM-FLOWERED PLANTS.

Tutor—George—Harry.

George. How rich yon field looks with its yellow flowers. I wonder what they can be.

Tutor. Suppose you go and see if you can find it out; and bring a stalk of the flowers with you.

G. (returning.) I know now—they are turneps.

T. I thought you could make it out when you came near them. These turneps are left to seed, which is the reason why you see them run to flower. Commonly they are pulled up sooner.

Harry.

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Harry. I ſhould not have thought a turnep had ſo ſweet a flower.

G. I think I have ſmelt others like them. Pray, Sir, what claſs of plants do they belong to?

T. To a very numerous one, with which it is worth your while to get acquainted. Let us ſit down and examine them. The petal, you obſerve, conſiſts of four flat leaves ſet oppoſite to each other, or croſs-wiſe. From this circumſtance the flowers have been called *cruciform.* As moſt plants with flowers of this kind bear their ſeeds in pods, they have likewiſe been called the *ſiliquoſe* plants, *ſiliqua* being the Latin for a pod.

G. But the papilionaceous flowers bear pods, too.

T. True; and therefore the name is not a good one. Now pull off the petals one by one. You ſee they are faſtened by long claws within the flower-cup. Now count the chives.

H. There

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H. There are ſix.

G. But they are not all of the ſame length—two are much ſhorter than the reſt.

T. Well obſerved. It is from this that Linnæus has formed a particular claſs for the whole tribe, which he calls *tetradynamia*, a word implying *four powers*, or the *power of four*, as if the four longer chives were more perfect and efficacious than the two ſhorter; which, however, we do not know to be the caſe. This ſuperior length of four chives is conſpicuous in moſt plants of this tribe, but not in all. They have, however, other reſemblances which are ſufficient to conſtitute them a natural family; and accordingly all botaniſts have made them ſuch.

The flowers, as I have ſaid, have in all of them four petals placed croſs-wiſe. The calyx alſo conſiſts of four oblong and hollow leaves. There is a ſingle piſtil, ſtanding upon a ſeed-

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bud,

bud, which turns either into a long pod, or a ſhort round one called a pouch; and hence are formed the two great branches of the family, the podded, and the pouched. The ſeed-veſſel has two valves or external openings, with a partition between. The ſeeds are ſmall and roundiſh, attached alternately to both ſutures or joinings of the valves.

Do you obſerve all theſe circumſtances?

G. and H. We do.

T. You ſhall examine them more minutely in a larger plant of the kind. Further, almoſt all of theſe plants have ſomewhat of a biting taſte, and alſo a diſagreeable ſmell in their leaves, eſpecially when decayed. A turnep field, you know, ſmells but indifferently; and cabbage, which is one of this claſs, is apt to be remarkably offenſive.

H. Yes—

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H. Yes—there is nothing worſe than rotten cabbage leaves.

G. And the very water in which they are boiled is enough to ſcent a whole houſe.

T. The flowers, however, of almoſt all the family are fragrant, and ſome remarkably ſo. What do you think of wall-flowers and ſtocks?

H. What, are they of this kind?

T. Yes—and ſo is candy-tuft, and rocket.

H. Then they are not to be deſpiſed.

T. No—and eſpecially as not one of the whole claſs, I believe, is poiſonous; but, on the contrary, many of them afford good food for man and beaſt. Shall I tell you about the principal of them?

G. Pray do, Sir.

T. The pungency of taſte which ſo many of them poſſeſs, has cauſed them to

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to be uſed for ſallad herbs. Thus, we have creſs, water-creſs, and muſtard; to which might be added many more which grow wild, as ladyſmock, wild rocket, hedge-muſtard, and jack-by-the-hedge, or ſauce-alone. Muſtard, you know, is alſo greatly uſed for its ſeeds, the powder or flour of which, made into a ſort of paſte with ſalt and water, is eaten with many kinds of meat. Rape-ſeeds are very ſimilar to them, and from both an oil is preſſed out, of the mild or taſteleſs kind, as it is likewiſe from cole-ſeed, another product of this claſs. Scurvy-graſs, which is a pungent plant of this family, growing by the ſea-ſide, has obtained its name from being a remedy for the ſcurvy. Then there is horſe-radiſh, with the root of which I am ſure you are well acquainted, as a companion to roaſt-beef. Common radiſh, too, is a plant of this kind, which has a good deal of pungency

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out ſome ſpikes of yellow flowers like common cabbage. Brocoli heads are of the ſame kind. As to the head of white or red cabbage, it conſiſts of a vaſt number of leaves cloſing round each other, by which the innermoſt are prevented from expanding, and remain white on account of the excluſion of the light and air. This part, you know, is moſt valued for food. In ſome countries they cut cabbage heads into quarters, and make them undergo a kind of acid fermentation; after which they are ſalted and preſerved for winter food under the name of ſour krout.

G. Cattle, too, are ſometimes fed with cabbage, I believe.

T. Yes, and large fields of them are cultivated for that purpoſe. They ſucceed beſt in ſtiff clayey ſoils, where they ſometimes grow to an enormous bigneſs. They are given to milch kine, as well as to fattening cattle.

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G. Do

G. Do not they give a bad taſte to the milk?

T. They are apt to do ſo unleſs great care is taken to pick off all the decayed leaves.

Coleworts, which are a ſmaller ſort of cabbage, are ſometimes grown for feeding ſheep and cattle. I think I have now mentioned moſt of the uſeful plants of this family, which, you ſee, are numerous and important. They both yield beef and mutton, and the ſauce to them. But many of the ſpecies are troubleſome weeds. You ſee how yonder corn is overrun with yellow flowers.

G. Yes. They are as thick as if they had been ſown.

T. They are of this family, and called charlock, or wild muſtard, or corn kale, which, indeed, are not all exactly the ſame things, though nearly reſembling. Theſe produce ſuch plenty of ſeeds, that it is very diffi-

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cult to clear a field of them if once they are ſuffered to grow till the ſeeds ripen. An extremely common weed in gardens and by road-ſides is ſhepherd's-purſe, which is a very good ſpecimen of the pouch bearing plants of this tribe, its ſeed-veſſels being exactly the figure of a heart. Ladyſmock is often ſo abundant a weed in wet meadows as to make them all over white with its flowers. Some call this plant cuckow-flower, becauſe its flowering is about the ſame time with the firſt appearance of that bird in the ſpring.

G. I remember ſome pretty lines in a ſong about ſpring, in which ladyſmock is mentioned.

> When daiſies pied, and violets blue,
> And ladyſmocks all ſilver white;
> And cuckow-buds of yellow hue
> Do paint the meadows with delight.

T. They are Shakeſpeare's. You ſee he gives the name of cuckow-bud

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to

to ſome other flower, a yellow one, which appears at the ſame ſeaſon. But ſtill earlier than this time, walls and hedge-banks are enlivened by a very ſmall white flower, called whitlow-graſs, which is one of this tribe.

H. Is it eaſy to diſtinguiſh the plants of this family from one another?

T. Not very eaſy, for the general ſimilarity of the flowers is ſo great, that little diſtinction can be drawn from them. The marks of the ſpecies are chiefly taken from the form and manner of growth of the ſeed veſſel, and we will examine ſome of them by the deſcriptions in a book of botany. There is one very remarkable ſeed-veſſel which probably you have obſerved in the garden. It is a perfectly round large flat pouch, which after it has ſhed its ſeed, remains on the ſtalk, and looks like a thin white bladder. The plant bearing it is commonly called honeſty.

H. O, I know it very well. It is put in winter flower-pots.

T. True. So much, then, for the tetradynamious or cruciform-flowered plants. You cannot well miſtake them for any other claſs, if you remark the ſix chives, four of them, generally, but not always, longer than the two others; the ſingle piſtil changing either into a long pod or a round pouch containing the ſeeds; the four oppoſite petals of the flower, and four leaves of the calyx. You may ſafely make a ſallad of the young leaves wherever you find them; the worſt they can do to you is to bite your tongue.

GENEROUS REVENGE.

At the period when the Republic of Genoa was divided between the factions of the nobles and the people, *Uberto,*

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Uberto, a man of low origin, but of an elevated mind and ſuperior talents, and enriched by commerce, having raiſed himſelf to be the head of the popular party, maintained for a conſiderable time a democratical form of government.

The nobles at length, uniting all their efforts, ſucceeded in ſubverting this ſtate of things, and regained their former ſupremacy. They uſed their victory with conſiderable rigour; and in particular, having impriſoned *Uberto*, proceeded againſt him as a traitor, and thought they diſplayed ſufficient lenity in paſſing a ſentence upon him of perpetual baniſhment, and the confiſcation of all his property. *Adorno*, who was then poſſeſſed of the firſt magiſtracy, a man haughty in temper, and proud of ancient nobility, though otherwiſe not void of generous ſentiments, in pronouncing this ſentence on *Uberto*, aggravated its ſeverity by the inſolent

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terms in which he conveyed it. "You (ſaid he)—you, the ſon of a baſe mechanic, who have dared to trample upon the nobles of Genoa—You, by their clemency, are only doomed to ſhrink again into the nothing whence you ſprung."

Uberto received his condemnation with reſpectful ſubmiſſion to the court; yet ſtung by the manner in which it was expreſſed, he could not forbear ſaying to *Adorno* "that perhaps he might hereafter find cauſe to repent the language he had uſed to a man capable of ſentiments as elevated as his own." He then made his obeiſance and retired; and, after taking leave of his friends, embarked in a veſſel bound for Naples, and quitted his native country without a tear.

He collected ſome debts due to him in the Neapolitan dominions, and with the wreck of his fortune went to ſettle on one of the iſlands in the Archipe-

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He learned that he was conſidered as a capture of value, and that leſs than two thouſand crowns would not be accepted. *Uberto* paid the ſum; and cauſing his ſervant to follow him with a horſe and a complete ſuit of handſome apparel, he returned to the youth who was working as before, and told him he was free. With his own hands he took off his fetters, and helped him to change his dreſs, and mount on horſeback. The youth was tempted to think it all a dream, and the flutter of emotion almoſt deprived him of the power of returning thanks to his generous benefactor. He was ſoon, however, convinced of the reality of his good fortune, by ſharing the lodging and table of *Uberto*.

After a ſtay of ſome days at Tunis to diſpatch the remainder of his buſineſs, *Uberto* departed homewards, accompanied by young *Adorno*, who by his pleaſing manners had highly in-

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gratiated himself with him. *Uberto* kept him some time at his house, treating him with all the respect and affection he could have shown for the son of his dearest friend. At length, having a safe opportunity of sending him to Genoa, he gave him a faithful servant for a conductor, fitted him out with every convenience, slipped a purse of gold into one hand, and a letter into another, and thus addressed him.

"My dear youth, I could with much pleasure detain you longer in my humble mansion, but I feel your impatience to revisit your friends, and I am sensible that it would be cruelty to deprive them longer than necessary of the joy they will receive in recovering you. Deign to accept this provision for your voyage, and deliver this letter to your father. *He* probably may recollect somewhat of me, though you are too young to do so. Farewell! I shall not soon forget you, and I

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will hope you will not forget me." *Adorno* poured out the effusions of a grateful and affectionate heart, and they parted with mutual tears and embraces.

The young man had a prosperous voyage home; and the transport with which he was again beheld by his almost heart-broken parents may more easily be conceived than described. After learning that he had been a captive in Tunis (for it was supposed that the ship in which he sailed had foundered at sea), "And to whom," (said old *Adorno*) "am I indebted for the inestimable benefit of restoring you to my arms?" "This letter," (said his son) "will inform you." He opened it, and read as follows.

"That son of a vile mechanic, who told you that one day you might repent the scorn with which you treated him, has the satisfaction of seeing his prediction accomplished. For know,

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proud noble! that the deliverer of your only ſon from ſlavery is

The baniſhed Uberto."

Adorno dropt the letter, and covered his face with his hand, while his ſon was diſplaying in the warmeſt language of gratitude the virtues of *Uberto*, and the truly paternal kindneſs he had experienced from him. As the debt could not be cancelled, *Adorno* reſolved if poſſible to repay it. He made ſuch powerful interceſſion with the other nobles, that the ſentence pronounced on *Uberto* was reverſed, and full permiſſion given him to return to Genoa. In apprizing him of this event, *Adorno* expreſſed his ſenſe of the obligations he lay under to him, acknowledged the genuine nobleneſs of his character, and requeſted his friendſhip. *Uberto* returned to his country, and cloſed his days in peace, with the univerſal eſteem of his fellow-citizens.

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TRUE

TRUE HEROISM.

You have read, my Edmund, the ſtories of Achilles, and Alexander, and Charles of Sweden, and have, I doubt not, admired that high courage which ſeemed to ſet them above all ſenſations of fear, and rendered them capable of the moſt extraordinary actions. The world calls theſe men *heroes*; but before we give them that noble appellation, let us conſider what were the motives which animated them to act and ſuffer as they did.

The firſt was a ferocious ſavage, governed by the paſſions of anger and revenge, in gratifying which he diſregarded all impulſes of duty and humanity. The ſecond was intoxicated with the love of glory—ſwollen with abſurd pride—and enſlaved by diſſolute pleaſures; and in purſuit of theſe objects

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objects he reckoned the blood of millions as of no account. The third was unfeeling, obstinate, and tyrannical, and preferred ruining his country, and sacrificing all his faithful followers, to the humiliation of giving up any of his mad projects. *Self*, you see, was the spring of all their conduct; and a *selfish man* can never be a hero. I will give you two examples of genuine heroism, one shown in acting, the other in suffering; and these shall be *true stories*, which is perhaps more than can be said of half that is recorded of Achilles and Alexander.

You have probably heard something of Mr. Howard, the reformer of prisons, to whom a monument is just erected in St. Paul's church. His whole life almost was heroism; for he confronted all sorts of dangers with the sole view of relieving the miseries of his fellow-creatures. When he began to examine the state of prisons, scarcely

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any in this country was free from a very fatal and infectious distemper called the gaol-fever. Wherever he heard of it, he made a point of seeing the poor sufferers, and often went down into their dungeons when the keepers themselves would not accompany him. He travelled several times over almost the whole of Europe, and even into Asia, in order to gain knowledge of the state of prisons and hospitals, and point out means for lessening the calamities that prevail in them. He even went into countries where the plague was, that he might learn the best methods of treating that terrible contagious disease; and he voluntarily exposed himself to perform a strict quarantine, as one suspected of having the infection of the plague, only that he might be thoroughly acquainted with the methods used for prevention. He at length died of a fever caught in attending on the sick, on the borders

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ders of Crim Tartary, honoured and admired by all Europe, after having greatly contributed to enlighten his own and many other countries with reſpect to ſome of the moſt important objects of humanity. Such was *Howard the Good*; as great a hero in preſerving mankind, as ſome of the falſe heroes above-mentioned were in deſtroying them.

My ſecond hero is a much humbler, but not leſs genuine one.

There was a journeyman bricklayer in this town—an able workman, but a very drunken idle fellow, who ſpent at the alehouſe almoſt all he earned, and left his wife and children to ſhift for themſelves as they could. This is, unfortunately, a common caſe; and of all the tyranny and cruelty exerciſed in the world, I believe that of bad huſbands and fathers is by much the moſt frequent and the worſt.

The family might have ſtarved, but for

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TWENTY-FOURTH EVENING.

THE COLONISTS.

COME, ſaid Mr. *Barlow* to his boys, I have a new play for you. I will be the founder of a colony; and you ſhall be people of different trades and profeſſions coming to offer yourſelves to go with me. What are you, *A*?

A. I am a farmer, Sir.

Mr. B. Very well! Farming is the chief thing we have to depend upon, ſo we cannot have too much of it. But you muſt be a working farmer, not a gentleman farmer. Labourers will be ſcarce among us, and every man muſt put his own hand to the plough. There will be woods to clear, and marſhes to drain, and a great deal of ſtubborn work to do.

Digitized by Google *A.* I

A. I ſhall be ready to do my part, Sir.

Mr. B. Well then, I ſhall entertain you willingly, and as many more of your profeſſion as you can bring. You ſhall have land enough, and utenſils; and you may fall to work as ſoon as you pleaſe. Now for the next.

B. I am a miller, Sir.

Mr. B. A very uſeful trade! The corn we grow muſt be ground, or it will do us little good. But what will you do for a mill, my friend?

B. I ſuppoſe we muſt make one, Sir.

Mr. B. True; but then you muſt bring with you a mill-wright for the purpoſe. As for mill-ſtones, we will take them out with us. Who is next?

C. I am a carpenter, Sir.

Mr. B. The moſt neceſſary man that could offer! We ſhall find you work enough, never fear. There will be houſes to build, fences to make,

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and all kinds of wooden furniture to provide. But our timber is all growing. You will have a deal of hard work to do in felling trees, and ſawing planks, and ſhaping poſts, and the like. You muſt be a field carpenter as well as a houſe carpenter.

C. I will, Sir.

Mr. B. Very well; then I engage you, but you had better bring two or three able hands along with you.

D. I am a blackſmith, Sir.

Mr. B. An excellent companion for the carpenter! We cannot do without either of you; ſo you may bring your great bellows and anvil, and we will ſet up a forge for you as ſoon as we arrive. But, by the bye, we ſhall want a maſon for that purpoſe.

E. I am one, Sir.

Mr. B. That's well. Though we may live in log houſes at firſt, we ſhall want brick or ſtone work for chimneys, and hearths, and ovens, ſo there will

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be employment for a maſon. But if you can make bricks and burn lime too, you will be ſtill more uſeful.

E. I will try what I can do, Sir.

Mr. B. No man can do more. I engage you. Who is next.

F. I am a ſhoemaker, Sir.

Mr. B. And ſhoes we cannot well do without. But can you make them, like Eumæus in the Odyſſey, out of a raw hide! for I fear we ſhall get no leather.

F. But I can dreſs hides, too.

Mr. B. Can you? Then you are a clever fellow; and I will have you, though I give you double wages.

G. I am a taylor, Sir.

Mr. B. Well—Though it will be ſome time before we want holiday ſuits, yet we muſt not go naked; ſo there will be work for the taylor. But you are not above mending and botching, I hope, for we muſt not mind patched clothes while we work in the woods.

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G. I

G. I am not, Sir.

Mr. B. Then I engage you, too.

H. I am a weaver, Sir.

Mr. B. Weaving is a very useful art, but I question if we can find room for it in our colony for the present. We shall not grow either hemp or flax for some time to come, and it will be cheaper for us to import our cloth than to make it. In a few years, however, we may be very glad of you.

J. I am a silversmith and jeweller, Sir.

Mr. B. Then, my friend, you cannot go to a worse place than a new colony to set up your trade in. You will break us, or we shall starve you.

J. But I understand clock and watch-making, too.

Mr. B. That is somewhat more to our purpose, for we shall want to know how time goes. But I doubt we cannot give you sufficient encouragement for

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for a long while to come. For the preſent you had better ſtay where you are.

K. I am a barber and hair-dreſſer, Sir.

Mr. B. Alas, what can we do with you? If you will ſhave our men's rough beards once a week, and crop their hair once a quarter, and be content to help the carpenter or follow the plough the reſt of your time, we ſhall reward you accordingly. But you will have no ladies and gentlemen to dreſs for a ball, or wigs to curl and powder for Sundays, I aſſure you. Your trade will not ſtand by itſelf with us, for a great while to come.

L. I am a doctor, Sir.

Mr. B. Then, Sir, you are very welcome. Health is the firſt of bleſſings, and if you can give us that, you will be a valuable man indeed. But I hope you underſtand ſurgery

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as well as phyſic, for we are likely enough to get cuts, and bruiſes, and broken bones, occaſionally.

L. I have had experience in that branch too, Sir.

Mr. B. And if you underſtand the nature of plants, and their uſes both in medicine and diet, it will be a great addition to your uſefulneſs.

L. Botany has been a favourite ſtudy with me, Sir; and I have ſome knowledge of chymiſtry, and the other parts of natural hiſtory, too.

Mr. B. Then you will be a treaſure to us, Sir, and I ſhall be happy to make it worth your while to go with us.

M. I, Sir, am a lawyer.

Mr. B. Sir, your moſt obedient ſervant. When we are rich enough to go to law, we will let you know.

N. I am a ſchoolmaſter, Sir.

Mr. B. That is a profeſſion which I am ſure I do not mean to undervalue;

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and as ſoon as ever we have young folks in our colony, we ſhall be glad of your ſervices. Though we are to be hard-working plain people, we do not intend to be ignorant, and we ſhall make it a point to have every one taught reading and writing, at leaſt. In the mean time, till we have employment enough for you in teaching, you may keep the accounts and records of the colony; and on Sundays you may read prayers to all that chooſe to attend upon you.

N. With all my heart, Sir.

Mr. B. Then I engage you. Who comes here with ſo bold an air?

O. I am a ſoldier, Sir; will you have me?

Mr. B. We are peaceable people, and I hope ſhall have no occaſion to fight. We mean honeſtly to purchaſe our land from the natives, and to be juſt and fair in all our dealings with them. William Penn, the founder of Pennſylvania,

Pennſylvania, followed that plan; and when the Indians were at war with all the other European ſettlers, a perſon in a quaker's habit might paſs through all their moſt ferocious tribes without the leaſt injury. It is my intention, however, to make all my coloniſts ſoldiers, ſo far as to be able to defend themſelves if attacked, and that being the caſe, we ſhall have no need of *ſoldiers by trade*.

P. I am a gentleman, Sir; and I have a great deſire to accompany you, becauſe I hear game is very plentiful in that country.

Mr. B. A gentleman! And what good will you do us, Sir?

P. O, Sir, that is not at all my intention. I only mean to amuſe myſelf.

Mr. B. But do you mean, Sir, that we ſhould pay for your amuſement?

P. As to maintenance, I expect to be able to kill game enough for my

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own eating, with a little bread and garden ſtuff, which you will give me. Then I will be content with a houſe ſomewhat better than the common ones; and your barber ſhall be my valet, ſo I ſhall give very little trouble.

Mr. B. And pray, Sir, what inducement can we have for doing all this for you?

P. Why, Sir, you will have the credit of having *one gentleman* at leaſt in your colony.

Mr. B. Ha, ha, ha! A facetious gentleman truly! Well, Sir, when we are ambitious of ſuch a diſtinction, we will ſend for you.

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THE TRAVELLED ANT.

THERE was a garden encloſed with high brick walls, and laid out ſomewhat in the old faſhion. Under the walls were wide beds planted with flowers, garden-ſtuff, and fruit-trees. Next to them was a broad gravel walk running round the garden; and the middle was laid out in graſs-plots, and beds of flowers and ſhrubs, with a fiſh-pond in the centre.

Near the root of one of the wall fruit-trees, a numerous colony of ants was eſtabliſhed, which had extended its ſubterraneous works over great part of the bed in its neighbourhood. One day, two of the inhabitants meeting in a gallery under ground, fell into the following converſation.

Ha! my friend, (ſaid the firſt) is it

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you? I am glad to ſee you. Where have you been this long time? All your acquaintance have been in pain about you, leſt ſome accident ſhould have befallen you.

Why, (replied the other) I am indeed a ſort of ſtranger, for you muſt know I am but juſt returned from a long journey.

A journey! whither, pray, and on what account?

A tour of mere curioſity. I had long felt diſſatisfied with knowing ſo little about this world of ours; ſo, at length, I took a reſolution to explore it. And, I may now boaſt that I have gone round its utmoſt extremities, and that no conſiderable part of it has eſcaped my reſearches.

Wonderful! What a traveller you have been, and what ſights you muſt have ſeen!

Why, yes—I have ſeen more than moſt

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moſt ants, to be ſure; but it has been at the expence of ſo much toil and danger, that I know not whether it was worth the pains.

Would you oblige me with ſome account of your adventures?

Willingly. I ſet out, then, early one ſunſhiny morning; and, after croſſing our territory and the line of plantation by which it is bordered, I came upon a wide open plain, where, as far as the eye could reach, not a ſingle green thing was to be deſcried, but the hard ſoil was every where covered with huge ſtones, which made travelling equally painful to the eye and the feet. As I was toiling onwards, I heard a rumbling noiſe behind me, which became louder and louder. I looked back, and with the utmoſt horror beheld a prodigious rolling mountain approaching me ſo faſt, that it was impoſſible to get out of the way. I threw myſelf flat on the ground be-

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hind a ſtone, and lay expecting nothing but preſent death. The mountain ſoon paſſed over me, and I continued, I know not how long, in a ſtate of inſenſibility. When I recovered, I began to ſtretch my limbs one by one, and to my ſurpriſe found myſelf not in the leaſt injured; but the ſtone beſide me was almoſt buried in the earth by the craſh!

What an eſcape!

A wonderful one, indeed. I journeyed on over the deſart, and at length came to the end of it, and entered upon a wide green tract, conſiſting chiefly of tall, narrow, pointed leaves, which grew ſo thick and entangled, that it was with the greateſt difficulty I could make my way between them; and I ſhould continually have loſt my road, had I not taken care to keep the ſun in view before me. When I had got near the middle of this region, I was ſtartled with the ſight of a huge four-

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legged

legged monſter, with a yellow ſpeckled ſkin, which took a flying leap directly over me. Somewhat further, before I was aware, I ran upon one of thoſe long, round, crawling creatures, without head, tail, or legs, which we ſometimes meet with under ground near our ſettlement. As ſoon as he felt me upon him, he drew back into his hole ſo ſwiftly, that he was near drawing me in along with him. However, I jumped off, and proceeded on my way.

With much labour I got at laſt to the end of this perplexed tract, and came to an open ſpace like that in which we live, in the midſt of which grew trees ſo tall that I could not ſee to their tops. Being hungry, I climbed up the firſt I came to, in expectation of finding ſome fruit; but after a weary ſearch I returned empty. I tried ſeveral others with no better ſucceſs. There were, indeed, leaves and flowers in plenty, but nothing of which

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I could make a meal; ſo that I might have been famiſhed, had I not found ſome ſour harſh berries upon the ground, on which I made a poor repaſt. While I was doing this, a greater danger than any of the former befel me. One of thoſe two-legged feathered creatures which we often ſee to our coſt, jumped down from a bough, and picked up in his enormous beak the very berry on which I was ſtanding. Luckily he did not ſwallow it immediately, but flew up again with it to the tree; and in the mean time I diſengaged myſelf, and fell from a vaſt height to the ground, but received no hurt.

I croſſed this plantation, and came to another entangled green, like the firſt. After I had laboured through it, I came on a ſudden to the ſide of a vaſt glittering plain, the nature of which I could not poſſibly gueſs at. I walked along a fallen leaf which lay on the ſide, and coming to the farther edge

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edge of it, I was greatly ſurprized to ſee another ant coming from below to meet me. I advanced to give him a fraternal embrace, but inſtead of what I expected, I met a cold yielding matter, in which I ſhould have ſunk, had I not ſpeedily turned about, and caught hold of the leaf, by which I drew myſelf up again. And now I found this great plain to conſiſt of that fluid which ſometimes falls from the ſky, and cauſes us ſo much trouble by filling our holes.

As I ſtood conſidering how to proceed on my journey, a gentle breeze aroſe, which, before I was aware, carried the leaf I was upon away from the ſolid land into this yielding fluid, which, however, bore it up, and me along with it. At firſt, I was greatly alarmed, and ran round and round my leaf in order to find ſome way of getting back; but perceiving this to be impracticable, I reſigned myſelf to

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my fate, and even began to take ſome pleaſure in the eaſy motion by which I was borne forwards. But what new and wonderful forms of living creatures did I ſee inhabiting this liquid land! Bodies of prodigious bulk, covered with ſhining ſcales of various colours, ſhot by me with vaſt rapidity, and ſported a thouſand ways. They had large heads, and ſtaring eyes, tremendous wide mouths, but no legs; and they ſeemed to be carried on by the action of ſomewhat like ſmall wings planted on various parts of their body, and eſpecially at the end of the tail, which continually waved about. Other ſmaller creatures, of a great variety of extraordinary forms, were moving through the clear fluid, or reſting upon its ſurface; and I ſaw with terror numbers of them continually ſeized and ſwallowed by the larger ones before mentioned.

When I had got near the middle, the

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the ſmooth ſurface of this plain was all roughened and moved up and down, ſo as to toſs about my leaf, and nearly overſet it. I trembled to think what would become of me ſhould I be thrown amidſt all theſe terrible monſters. At laſt, however, I got ſafe to the other ſide, and with joy ſet my feet on dry land again. I aſcended a gentle green ſlope, which led to a tall plantation like that I had before paſſed through. Another green plain, and another ſtony deſart, ſucceeded; which brought me at length to the oppoſite boundary of our world, encloſed by the ſame immenſe mound riſing to the heavens, which limits us on this ſide.

Here I fell in with another nation of our ſpecies, differing little in way of life from ourſelves. They invited me to their ſettlement, and entertained me hoſpitably, and I accompanied them in ſeveral excurſions in the neighbourhood. There was a charming fruit-

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tree at no great diſtance, to which we made frequent viſits. One day, as I was regaling deliciouſly in the heart of a green-gage plum, I felt myſelf all on a ſudden carried along with great ſwiftneſs, till I got into a dark place, where a horrid craſh threw me upon a ſoft moiſt piece of fleſh, whence I was ſoon driven forth in a torrent of wind and moiſture, and found myſelf on the ground all covered with ſlime. I diſengaged myſelf with difficulty, and looking up, deſcried one of thoſe enormous two-legged animals, which often ſhake the ground over our heads, and put us into terror.

My new friends now began to hint to me that it was time to depart, for you know we are not fond of naturalizing ſtrangers. And lucky, indeed, it was for me that I received the hint when I did; for I had but juſt left the place, and was travelling over a neighbouring eminence, when I heard be-

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hind me a tremendous noiſe; and looking back, I ſaw the whole of their ſettlement blown into the air with a prodigious exploſion of fire and ſmoke. Numbers of half-burnt bodies, together with the ruins of their habitations, were thrown to a vaſt diſtance around; and ſuch a ſuffocating vapour aroſe, that I lay for ſome time deprived of ſenſe and motion. From ſome of the wretched fugitives I learned that the diſaſter was attributed to ſubterranean fire burſting its way to the ſurface; the cauſe of which, however, was ſuppoſed to be connected with the machinations of that malignant two-legged monſter from whoſe jaws I had ſo narrowly eſcaped, who had been obſerved juſt before the exploſion to pour through the holes leading to the great apartment of the ſettlement, a number of black ſhining grains.

On my return from this remote country, I kept along the boundary wall,

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wall, which I knew by obſervation muſt at length bring me back to my own home. I met with ſeveral wandering tribes of our ſpecies in my road, and frequently joined their foraging parties in ſearch of food. One day, a company of us, allured by the ſmell of ſomewhat ſweet, climbed up ſome lofty pillars, on which was placed a vaſt round edifice, having only one entrance. At this were continually coming in and going out thoſe winged animals, ſomewhat like ourſelves in form, but many times bigger, and armed with a dreadful ſting, which we ſo often meet with ſipping the juices of flowers; but whether they were the architects of this great manſion, or it was built for them by ſome beneficent being of greater powers, I am unable to decide. It ſeemed, however, to be the place where they depoſited what they ſo induſtriouſly collect; for they were perpetually arriving loaded with a fra-

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grant ſubſtance, which they carried in, and they returned empty. We had a great deſire to enter with them, but were deterred by their formidable appearance, and a kind of angry hum which continually proceeded from the houſe. At length, two or three of the boldeſt of our party, watching a time when the entrance was pretty free, ventured to go in; but we ſoon ſaw them driven out in great haſte, and trampled down and maſſacred juſt in the gate-way. The reſt of us made a ſpeedy retreat.

Two more adventures which happened to me, had very nearly prevented my return to my own country. Having one evening, together with a companion, taken up my quarters in an empty ſnail-ſhell, there came on ſuch a ſhower of rain in the night, that the ſhell was preſently filled. I awaked juſt ſuffocated; but luckily, having my head turned towards the mouth of

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the

the ſhell, I roſe to the top, and made a ſhift to crawl to a dry place. My companion, who had got further into the ſhell, never roſe again.

Not long after, as I was travelling under the wall, I deſcried a curious pit, with a circular orifice, gradually growing narrower to the bottom. On coming cloſe to the brink in order to ſurvey it, the edge, which was of fine ſand, gave way, and I ſlid down the pit. As ſoon as I had reached the bottom, a creature with a huge pair of horns and dreadful claws made his appearance from beneath the ſand, and attempted to ſeize me. I flew back, and ran up the ſide of the pit; when he threw over me ſuch a ſhower of ſand, as blinded me, and had like to have brought me down again. However, by exerting all my ſtrength, I got out of his reach, and did not ceaſe running till I was at a conſiderable diſtance. I was afterwards informed that this

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this was the den of an ant-lion, a terrible foe of our ſpecies, which not equalling us in ſpeed, is obliged to make uſe of this crafty device to entrap his heedleſs prey.

This was the laſt of my perils. To my great joy I reached my native place laſt night, where I mean to ſtay content for the future. I do not know how far I have benefited from my travels, but one important concluſion I have drawn from them.

What is that? (ſaid his friend.)

Why, you know it is the current opinion with us, that every thing in this world was made for our uſe. Now, I have ſeen ſuch vaſt tracts not at all fit for our reſidence, and peopled with creatures ſo much larger and ſtronger than ourſelves, that I cannot help being convinced that the Creator had in view their accommodation as well as ours, in making this world.

I confeſs this ſeems probable enough;

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but

but you had better keep your opinion to yourself.

Why so?

You know we ants are a vain race, and make high pretensions to wisdom as well as antiquity. We shall be affronted with any attempts to lessen our importance in our own eyes.

But there is no wisdom in being deceived.

Well — do as you think proper. Meantime, farewell, and thanks for the entertainment you have given me.

Farewell!

SHOW AND USE;

OR,

THE TWO PRESENTS.

One morning, Lord Richmore, coming down to breakfast, was welcomed with the tidings that his favourite

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fourite mare, Miſs Slim, had brought a foal, and alſo, that a ſhe-aſs kept for his lady's uſe as a milker, had dropt a young one. His lordſhip ſmiled at the inequality of the preſents nature had made him. "As for the foal (ſaid he to the groom) that, you know, has been long promiſed to my neighbour Mr. Scamper. For young Balaam, you may diſpoſe of him as you pleaſe." The groom thanked his lordſhip, and ſaid he would then give him to Iſaac the woodman.

In due time, Miſs Slim's foal, which was the ſon of a noted racer, was taken to Squire Scamper's, who received him with great delight, and out of compliment to the donor named him *Young Peer*. He was brought up with, at leaſt as much care and tenderneſs as the Squire's own children—kept in a warm ſtable, fed with the beſt of corn and hay, duly dreſſed, and regularly exerciſed. As he grew up, he gave

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tokens

tokens of great beauty. His colour was bright bay, with a white ſtar on his forehead; his coat was fine, and ſhone like ſilk; and every point about him ſeemed to promiſe perfection of ſhape and make. Every body admired him as the completeſt colt that could be ſeen.

So fine a creature could not be deſtined to any uſeful employment. After he had paſſed his third year, he was ſent to Newmarket to be trained for the turf, and a groom was appointed to the care of him alone. His maſter, who could not well afford the expence, ſaved part of it by turning off a domeſtic tutor whom he kept for the education of his ſons, and was content with ſending them to the curate of the pariſh.

At four years old, Young Peer ſtarted for a ſubſcription purſe, and came in ſecond out of a number of competitors. Soon after, he won a country plate, and filled his maſter

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with joy and triumph. The Squire now turned all his attention to the turf, made matches, betted high, and was at firſt tolerably ſucceſsful. At length, having ventured all the money he could raiſe upon one grand match, Young Peer ran on the wrong ſide of the poſt, was diſtanced, and the ſquire ruined.

Meantime young Balaam went into Iſaac's poſſeſſion, where he had a very different training. He was left to pick up his living as he could in the lanes and commons; and on the coldeſt days in winter he had no other ſhelter than the lee ſide of the cottage, out of which he was often glad to pluck the thatch for a ſubſiſtence. As ſoon as ever he was able to bear a rider, Iſaac's children got upon him, ſometimes two or three at once; and if he did not go to their mind, a broomſtick or bunch of furze was freely applied to his hide. Nevertheleſs

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vertheleſs he grew up, as the children themſelves did, ſtrong and healthy; and though he was rather bare on the ribs, his ſhape was good and his limbs vigorous.

It was not long before his maſter thought of putting him to ſome uſe; ſo, taking him to the wood, he faſtened a load of faggots on his back, and ſent him with his ſon Tom to the next town. Tom ſold the faggots, and mounting upon Balaam, rode him home. As Iſaac could get plenty of faggots and chips, he found it a profitable trade to ſend them for daily ſale upon Balaam's back. Having a little garden, which from the barrenneſs of the ſoil yielded him nothing of value, he bethought him of loading Balaam back from town with dung for manure. Though all he could bring at once was contained in two ſmall panniers, yet this in time amounted to enough to mend the ſoil of his

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TWENTY-FIFTH EVENING.

HUMBLE LIFE;
OR,
THE COTTAGERS.

Mr. Everard—Charles *(walking in the fields.)*

Mr. E. WELL, Charles, you ſeem to be deep in meditation. Pray what are you thinking about?

Ch. I was thinking, Sir, how happy it is for us that we are not in the place of that poor weaver whoſe cottage we juſt paſſed by.

Mr. E. It is very right to be ſenſible of all the advantages that Providence has beſtowed on us in this world, and I commend you for reflecting on them with gratitude. But what particular circumſtance of compariſon be-

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tween

tween our condition and his ſtruck you moſt juſt now?

Ch. O, almoſt every thing! I could not bear to live in ſuch a poor houſe, with a cold clay floor, and half the windows ſtopt with paper. Then how poorly he and his children are dreſſed! and I dare ſay they muſt live as poorly too.

Mr. E. Theſe things would be grievous enough to you, I do not doubt, becauſe you have been accuſtomed to a very different way of living. But if they are healthy and contented, I don't know that *we* have much more to boaſt of. I believe the man is able to procure wholeſome food for his family, and clothes and firing enough to keep them from ſuffering from the cold; and nature wants little more.

Ch. But what a ragged barefooted fellow the boy at the door was!

Mr. E. He was—but did you obſerve his ruddy cheeks, and his ſtout

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legs, and the ſmiling grin upon his countenance? It is my opinion he would beat you in running, though he is half the head leſs; and I dare ſay he never cried becauſe he did not know what to do with himſelf, in his life.

Ch. But, Sir, you have often told me that the mind is the nobleſt part of man; and theſe poor creatures, I am ſure, can have no opportunity to improve their minds. They muſt be as ignorant as the brutes, almoſt.

Mr. E. Why ſo? Do you think there is no knowledge to be got but from books; or that a weaver cannot teach his children right from wrong?

Ch. Not if he has never learned himſelf.

Mr. E. True—but I hope the country we live in is not ſo unfriendly to a poor man as to afford him no opportunity of learning his duty to God and his neighbour. And as to other points of knowledge, neceſſity and common

obſervation will teach him a good deal. But come—let us go and pay them a viſit, for I doubt you hardly think them human creatures.

[*They enter the cottage.*—Jacob, *the weaver, at his loom. His wife ſpinning. Children of different ages.*]

Mr. E. Good morning to you, friend! Don't let us diſturb you all, pray. We have juſt ſtept in to look at your work.

Jacob. I have very little to ſhow you, gentlemen; but you are welcome to look on. Perhaps the young gentleman never ſaw weaving before.

Ch. I never did, near.

Jac. Look here, then, maſter. Theſe long threads are the warp. They are divided, you ſee, into two ſets, and I paſs my ſhuttle between them, which carries with it the croſs threads, and that makes the weft. (*Explains the whole to him.*)

Ch. Dear!

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Ch. Dear! how curious! And is all cloth made this way, papa?

Mr. E. Yes; only there are somewhat different contrivances for different kinds of work. Well—how soon do you think you could learn to weave like this honeſt man?

Ch. O—not for a great while!

Mr. E. But I ſuppoſe you could eaſily turn the wheel and draw out threads like that good woman.

Ch. Not without ſome practice, I fancy. But what is that boy doing?

Jac. He is cutting pegs for the ſhoemakers, maſter.

Ch. How quick he does them!

Jac. It is but poor employment, but better than being idle. The firſt leſſon I teach my children is that their hands were made to get their bread with.

Mr. E. And a very good leſſon, too.

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Ch. What is this heap of twigs for?

Jac. Why, master, my biggest boy and girl have learned a little how to make basket work, so I have got them a few oziers to employ them at leisure hours. That bird-cage is their making; and the back of that chair in which their grandmother sits.

Ch. Is not that cleverly done, papa?

Mr. E. It is, indeed. Here are several arts, you see, in this house, which both you and I should be much puzzled to set about. But there are some books too, I perceive.

Ch. Here is a bible, and a testament, and a prayer-book, and a spelling-book, and ~~and~~ a volume of the gardener's dictionary.

Mr. E. And how many of your family can read, my friend?

Jac. All the children but the two youngest can read a little, Sir; but Meg, there, is the best scholar among

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us. She reads us a chapter in the teſtament every morning, and very well too, though I ſay it.

Mr. E. Do you hear that, Charles?

Ch. I do, Sir. Here's an almanack, too, againſt the wall; and here are my favourite ballads of the Children of the Wood, and Chevy-chace.

Jac. I let the children paſte them up, Sir, and a few more that have no harm in them. There's Hearts of Oak, and Rule Britannia, and Robin Gray.

Mr. E. A very good choice, indeed. I ſee you have a pretty garden there behind the houſe.

Jac. It is only a little ſpot, Sir; but it ſerves for ſome amuſement, and uſe too.

Ch. What beautiful ſtocks and wall-flowers! We have none ſo fine in our garden.

Jac. Why, maſter, to ſay the truth, we are rather proud of them. I have got a way of cultivating them that I

 believe

believe few beſides myſelf are acquainted with; and on Sundays I have plenty of viſitors to come and admire them.

Ch. Pray what is this buſh with narrow whitiſh leaves and blue flowers?

Jac. Don't you know? It is roſemary.

Ch. Is it good for any thing?

Jac. We like the ſmell of it; and then the leaves, mixed with a little balm, make pleaſant tea, which we ſometimes drink in an afternoon.

Ch. Here are ſeveral more plants that I never ſaw before.

Jac. Some of them are pot herbs, that we put into our broth or porridge; and other are phyſic herbs, for we cannot afford to go to a doctor for every trifling ailment.

Ch. But how did you learn the uſe of theſe things?

Jac. Why, partly, maſter, from an old herbal that I have got; and partly from

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from my good mother and ſome old neighbours; for we poor people are obliged to help one another as well as we can. If you were curious about plants, I could go into the fields and ſhow you a great many that we reckon very fine for ſeveral uſes, though I ſuppoſe we don't call them by the proper names.

Mr. E. You keep your garden very neat, friend, and ſeem to make the moſt of every inch of ground.

Jac. Why, Sir, we have hands enow, and all of us like to be doing a little in it when our in-doors work is over. I am in hopes ſoon to be allowed a bit of land from the waſte for a potato-ground, which will be a great help to us. I ſhall then be able to keep a pig.

Mr. E. I ſuppoſe, notwithſtanding your induſtry, you live rather hardly ſometimes.

Jac. To be ſure, Sir, we are ſome-

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what pinched in dear times and hard weather; but, thank God, I have conſtant work, and my children begin to be ſome help to us, ſo that we fare better than ſome of our neighbours. If I do but keep my health, I don't fear but we ſhall make a ſhift to live.

Mr. E. Keep ſuch a contented mind, my friend, and you will have few to envy. Good morning to you; and if any ſickneſs or accident ſhould befal you, remember you have a friend in your neighbour at the hall.

Jac. I will, Sir, and thank you.

Ch. Good morning to you.

Jac. The ſame to you, maſter.

[*They leave the cottage.*

Mr. E. Well, Charles, what do you think of our viſit?

Ch. I am highly pleaſed with it, Sir. I ſhall have a better opinion of a poor cottager as long as I live.

Mr. E. I am glad of it. You ſee, when we compare ourſelves with this

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weaver,

weaver, all the advantage is not on our ſide. He is poſſeſſed of an art, the utility of which ſecures him a livelihood whatever may be the changes of the times. All his family are brought up to induſtry, and ſhow no ſmall ingenuity in their ſeveral occupations. They are not without inſtruction, and eſpecially ſeem to be in no want of that beſt of all, the knowledge of their duty. They underſtand ſomething of the cultivation and uſes of plants, and are capable of receiving enjoyment from the beauties of nature. They partake of the pleaſures of home and neighbourhood. Above all, they ſeem content with their lot, and free from anxious cares and repinings. I view them as truly reſpectable members of ſociety, acting well the part allotted to them, and that, a part moſt of all neceſſary to the well-being of the whole. They may, from untoward accidents, be rendered

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dered objects of our compaſſion, but they never can of our contempt.

Ch. Indeed, Sir, I am very far from deſpiſing them now. But would it not be poſſible to make them more comfortable than they are at preſent?

Mr. E. I think it would; and when giving a little from the ſuperfluities of perſons in our ſituation, would add ſo much to the happineſs of perſons in theirs, I am of opinion that it is unpardonable not to do it. I intend to uſe my intereſt to get this poor man the piece of waſte land he wants, and he ſhall have ſome from my ſhare rather than go without.

Ch. And ſuppoſe, Sir, we were to give him ſome good potatoes to plant it?

Mr. E. We will. Then, you know, we have a fine ſow that never fails to produce a numerous litter twice a year. Suppoſe we rear one of the next brood to

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to be ready for him as ſoon as he has got his potato-ground into bearing?

Ch. O yes! that will be juſt the thing. But how is he to build a pig-ſtye?

Mr. E. You may leave that to his own ingenuity; I warrant he can manage ſuch a job as that, with the help of a neighbour, at leaſt. Well—I hope both the weaver, and you, will be the better for the acquaintance we have made to day: and always remember that, *man, when fulfilling the duties of his ſtation, be that ſtation what it may, is a worthy object of reſpect to his fellow-man.*

ON EMBLEMS.

PRAY, papa, (ſaid *Cecilia)* what is an *emblem.* I have met with the word in my leſſon to-day, and I do not quite underſtand it.

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An emblem, my dear, (replied he) is a visible image of an invisible thing.

C. A visible image of—I can hardly comprehend—

P. Well, I will explain it more at length. There are certain notions that we form in our minds without the help of our eyes, or any of our senses. Thus, Virtue, Vice, Honour, Disgrace, Time, Death, and the like, are not sensible objects, but ideas of the understanding.

C. Yes—We cannot feel them or see them, but we can think about them.

P. True. Now it sometimes happens that we wish to represent one of these in a visible form; that is, to offer something to the sight that shall raise a similar notion in the minds of the beholders. In order to do this, we must take some action or circumstance belonging to it, capable of being

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ing expreſſed by painting or ſculpture; and this is called a *type*, or *emblem*.

C. But how can this be done?

P. I will tell you by an example. You know the Seſſions-houſe where trials are held. It would be eaſy to write over the door, in order to diſtinguiſh it, "This is the Seſſions-houſe;" but it is a more ingenious and elegant way of pointing it out, to place upon the building a figure repreſenting the purpoſe for which it was erected, namely, to diſtribute *juſtice*. For this end, the notion of juſtice is to be *perſonified*, that is, changed from an idea of the underſtanding into one of the ſight. A human figure is therefore made, diſtinguiſhed by tokens which bear a relation to the character of that virtue. Juſtice carefully *weighs* both ſides of a cauſe; ſhe is therefore repreſented as holding a *pair of ſcales*. It is her office to *puniſh* crimes; ſhe therefore bears a *ſword*. This is then

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an *emblematical figure*, and the ſword and ſcales are *emblems*.

Ch. I underſtand this very well. But why is ſhe blindfolded?

P. To denote her impartiality—that ſhe decides only from the merits of the caſe, and not from a view of the parties.

C. How can ſhe weigh anything, though, when her eyes are blinded?

P. Well objected. Theſe are two inconſiſtent emblems; each proper in itſelf, but when uſed together, making a contradictory action. An artiſt of judgment will therefore drop one of them; and accordingly the beſt modern figures of Juſtice have the balance and ſword, without the bandage over the eyes.

C. Is not there the ſame fault in making Cupid blindfolded, and yet putting a bow and arrow into his hands?

P. There is. It is a groſs abſur-

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dity, and not countenanced by the antient deſcriptions of Cupid, who is repreſented as the ſureſt of all archers.

C. I have a figure of *Death* in my fable-book. I ſuppoſe that is emblematical.

P. Certainly, or you could not know that it meant Death. How is he repreſented?

C. He is nothing but bones, and he holds a ſcythe in one hand, and an hour-glaſs in the other.

P. Well — how do you interpret theſe emblems?

C. I ſuppoſe he is all bones, becauſe nothing but bones are left after a dead body has lain long in the grave.

P. True. This, however, is not ſo properly an emblem, as the real and viſible effect of death. But the ſcythe?

C. Is not that becauſe death mows down every thing?

P. It is. No inſtrument could ſo properly repreſent the wide-waſting

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ſway of death, which ſweeps down the race of animals, like flowers falling under the hand of the mower. It is a ſimile uſed in the ſcriptures.

C. The hour-glaſs, I ſuppoſe, is to ſhow people that their time is come.

P. Right. In the hour-glaſs that Death holds, all the ſand is run out from the upper to the lower part. Have you never obſerved upon a monument an old figure, with wings, and a ſcythe, and with his head bald, all but a ſingle lock before?

C. O yes!—and I have been told it is *Time*.

P. Well—and what do you make of it? Why is he old?

C. O! becauſe time has laſted a long while.

P. And why has he wings?

C. Becauſe time is ſwift, and flies away.

P. What does his ſcythe mean?

C. I ſuppoſe that is, becauſe he de-

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ſtroys and cuts down every thing like death.

P. True. I think, however, a weapon rather ſlower in its operation, as a pick-axe, would have been more ſuitable to the gradual action of time. But what is his ſingle lock of hair for?

C. I have been thinking, and cannot make it out.

P. I thought that would puzzle you. It relates to time as giving *opportunity* for doing any thing. It is to be ſeized as it preſents itſelf, or it will eſcape, and cannot be recovered. Thus the proverb ſays, "Take time by the fore-lock." Well—now you underſtand what emblems are.

C. Yes, I think I do. I ſuppoſe the painted ſugar-loaves over the grocer's ſhop, and the mortar over the apothecary's, are emblems too.

P. Not ſo properly. They are only the pictures of things which are themſelves

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ſelves the objects of ſight, as the real ſugar-loaf in the ſhop of the grocer, and the real mortar in that of the apothecary. However, an implement belonging to a particular rank or profeſſion, is commonly uſed as an emblem to point out the man exerciſing that rank or profeſſion. Thus a crown is conſidered as an emblem of a king; a ſword or ſpear, of a ſoldier; an anchor, of a ſailor; and the like.

C. I remember Captain Heartwell, when he came to ſee us, had the figure of an anchor on all his buttons.

P. He had. That was the emblem or badge of his belonging to the navy.

C. But you told me that an emblem was a viſible ſign of an inviſible thing; yet a ſea-captain is not an inviſible thing.

P. He is not inviſible as a man, but his profeſſion is inviſible.

C. I do not well underſtand that.

P. Pro-

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P. Profeſſion is a *quality*, belonging equally to a number of individuals, however different they may be in external form and appearance. It may be added or taken away without any viſible change. Thus, if Captain Heartwell were to give up his commiſſion, he would appear to you the ſame man as before. It is plain, therefore, that what in that caſe he had loſt, namely his profeſſion, was a thing inviſible. It is one of thoſe ideas of the underſtanding which I before mentioned to you, as different from a ſenſible idea.

C. I comprehend it now.

P. I have got here a few emblematical pictures. Suppoſe you try whether you can find out their meaning.

C. O yes—I ſhould like that very well.

P. Here is a man ſtanding on the ſummit of a ſteep cliff, and going to aſcend

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aſcend a ladder which he has planted againſt a cloud.

C. Let me ſee!—that muſt be *Ambition*, I think.

P. How do you explain it?

C. He is got very high already, but he wants to be ſtill higher; ſo he ventures up the ladder, though it is only ſupported by a cloud, and hangs over a precipice.

P. Very right. Here is now another man, hood-winked, who is croſſing a raging torrent upon ſtepping ſtones.

C. Then he will certainly fall in. I ſuppoſe he is one that runs into danger without conſidering where he is going.

P. Yes; and you may call him *Fool-hardineſs*. Do you ſee this hand coming out of a black cloud, and putting an extinguiſher upon a lamp?

C. I do. If that lamp be the

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lamp of life, the hand that extinguiſhes it, muſt be *Death*.

P. Very juſt. Here is an old half-ruined building, ſupported by props; and the figure of Time is ſawing through one of the props.

C. That muſt be *Old-age*, ſurely.

P. It is. The next is a man leaning upon a breaking crutch.

C. I don't well know what to make of that.

P. It is intended for *Inſtability*; however, it might alſo ſtand for *Falſe Confidence*. Here is a man poring over a ſun-dial, with a candle in his hand.

C. I am at a loſs for that, too.

P. Conſider—a ſun-dial is only made to tell the hour by the light of the ſun.

C. Then this man muſt know nothing about it.

P. True; and his name is therefore *Ignorance*. Here is a walking ſtick, the lower-part of which is ſet in

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the water, and it appears crooked. What does that denote?

C. Is the ſtick really crooked?

P. No; but it is the property of water to give that appearance.

C. Then it muſt ſignify *Deception.*

P. It does. I dare ſay you will at once know this fellow who is running as faſt as his legs will carry him, and looking back at his ſhadow.

C. He muſt be *Fear*, or *Terror*, I fancy.

P. Yes; you may call him which you pleaſe. But who is this ſower, that ſcatters ſeed in the ground?

C. Let me conſider. I think there is a parable in the Bible about ſeed ſown, and it there ſignifies ſomething like *Inſtruction.*

P. True; but it may alſo repreſent *Hope*, for no one would ſow without hoping to reap the fruit. What do you think of this candle held before a mirror,

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mirror, in which its figure is exactly reflected?

C. I do not know what it means.

P. It represents *Truth*; the essence of which consists in the fidelity with which objects are received and reflected back by our minds. The object is here a luminous one, to show the clearness and brightness of Truth. Here is next an upright column, the perfect straightness of which is shown by a plumb line hanging from its summit, and exactly parallel to the side of the column.

C. I suppose that must represent *Uprightness*.

P. Yes—or in other words, *Rectitude*. The strength and stability of the pillar also denotes the security produced by this virtue. You see here a woman disentangling and reeling off a very perplexed skein of thread.

C. She must have a great deal of patience.

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P. True. She is *Patience* herſelf. The brooding hen ſitting beſide her is another emblem of the ſame quality that aids the interpretation. Who do you think this pleaſing female is, that looks with ſuch kindneſs upon the drooping plant ſhe is watering?

C. That muſt be *Charity*, I believe.

P. It is; or you may call her *Benignity*, which is nearly the ſame thing. Here is a lady ſitting demurely, with one finger on her lip, while ſhe holds a bridle in her other hand.

C. The finger on the lip I ſuppoſe denotes Silence. The bridle muſt mean Confinement. I could almoſt fancy her to be a School-miſtreſs.

P. Ha! ha! I hope, indeed, many ſchool-miſtreſſes are endued with her ſpirit, for ſhe is *Prudence*, or *Diſcretion*. Well—we are now got to the end of our pictures, and upon the whole you have interpreted them very prettily.

C. But I have one queſtion to aſk you,

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you, papa! In these pictures, and others that I have seen of the same sort, almost all the *good* qualities are represented in the form of *women*. What is the reason of that?

P. It is certainly a compliment, my dear, either to your sex's person, or mind. The inventor either chose the figure of a female to cloath his agreeable quality in, because he thought that the most agreeable form, and therefore best suited to it; or he meant to imply that the female character is really the most virtuous and amiable. I rather believe that the first was his intention, but I shall not object to your taking it in the light of the second.

C. But is it true—is it true?

P. Why, I can give you very good authority for the preference of the female sex in a moral view. One Ledyard, a great traveller, who had walked through almost all the countries of

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Europe,

Europe, and at laſt died in an expedition to explore the internal parts of Africa, gave a moſt deciſive and pleaſing teſtimony in favour of the ſuperior character of women, whether ſavage or civilized. I was ſo much pleaſed with it, that I put great part of it into verſe; and if it will not make you vain, I will give you a copy of my lines.

C. O, pray do!

P. Here they are. Read them.

LEDYARD'S PRAISE OF WOMEN.

THRO' many a land and clime a ranger,
With toilſome ſteps I've held my way,
A lonely unprotected ſtranger,
To all the ſtranger's ills a prey.

While ſteering thus my courſe precarious,
My fortune ſtill has been to find
Men's hearts and diſpoſitions various,
But gentle Woman ever kind.

Alive to every tender feeling,
To deeds of mercy always prone;

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The wounds of pain and ſorrow healing,
With ſoft compaſſion's ſweeteſt tone.

No proud delay, no dark ſuſpicion,
Stints the free bounty of their heart;
They turn not from the ſad petition,
But cheerful aid at once impart.

Form'd in benevolence of nature,
Obliging, modeſt, gay and mild,
Woman's the ſame endearing creature
In courtly town and ſavage wild.

When parch'd with thirſt, with hunger waſted,
Her friendly hand refreſhment gave;
How ſweet the coarſeſt food has taſted!
What cordial in the ſimple wave!

Her courteous looks, her words careſſing,
Shed comfort on the fainting ſoul;
Woman's the ſtranger's general bleſſing
From ſultry India to the Pole.

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

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